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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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Au Courant.

HOW many musical notations have been invented at one time and another? It is hard to say. The curious thing is, that in spite of the acknowledged defects of the "old notation," and the continued advocacy of rival schemes, the "old" manages to rub along without serious inconvenience. The latest attempt to supersede it is a proposal by Mr. F. Weber, organist of the German Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, to substitute figures for the staff. The scheme is not new. In fact, it has been invented times without number—amongst others by Rousseau—and we cannot see that Mr. Weber's particular proposal is in any way superior to the others. It has the same defects as those others, namely, general cumbrousness, and the requiring of several intellectual operations before the actual note can be decided. Still, we are glad to welcome any attempt to simplify matters, and can at any rate recommend our readers to glance at "Music minus Stave," and "An Easy Notation." Some of them may feel stimulated to invent the ideal system.

IN America it appears that there is a secret order of Chebra Swats, one of whose constitutional mandates is, that no member shall remove his beard. The existence of this order, it is suggested, throws some light on the hitherto vexed question of why musicians wear long hair. Obviously it is because they belong to a secret order similar in nature and purpose to the Swats. Curiously enough, it is the instrumentalists and not the vocalists who wear the long hair. If it were the vocalists, the fashion could be explained as evidence of their desire to acquire some of the power of him who slew his thousands with the jaw-bone of an ass. Probably it is because they think to multiply the force of the truth contained in the line, "Beauty draws us with a single hair"; probably it is merely in defence of the ancient right of man to have as much hair as nature will let him. But speculation is useless. After all, the musician's long hair is one of those things no fellow can understand.

To the out-and-out disciple of Wagner it is rank blasphemy to speak of the "cause" as waning; yet there are indications cropping up now and again which would seem to show that there is a considerable shrinkage. For example, at the meeting of the Wagner societies, held recently at Bayreuth, it was resolved to discontinue the *Bayreuther Blätter*, which has long been the militant organ of the party, and likewise to drop the annual *Bayreuther Taschenkalender*. It was also officially reported that the membership of the various Wagner societies, which three years ago stood at 8,965, has now dropped to 4,988. Of the total I understand that something like 20 per cent. are British members, which is not bad for a people who once went mad over Mendelssohn.

THE prospects of our orchestral players, if we may believe the *St. James's Gazette*, are very far from encouraging. Hard work, obscurity, and privation are their lot. Other classes of musicians are being paid more than ever they were before, but the orchestral player is being paid less and less. When Costa was at the Royal Italian Opera, principals were paid from nine to twelve guineas a week, and others from four to five guineas. Last year, when a number of Germans were imported, these salaries were represented in many cases by three guineas and two-and-a-half guineas respectively. In London the best houses employing a permanent orchestra pay principals from thirty-five shillings to three pounds ten shillings a week, the latter only in three or four instances; and secondary players from twenty to thirty shillings. In the provinces the highest salary to be heard of is two pounds fifteen shillings paid to the leader of the orchestra at the most important theatre out of London. A vast number of theatres and music halls pay their inferior musicians under twenty shillings a week. All this is gloomy enough; and unfortunately the future is likely to be much worse than the present, because of the ever-increasing competition.

MADAME BERTHE MARX, the well-known pianist, has been married to Mr. Goldschmidt, secretary and travelling companion of Sarasate, with whom Madame Marx has been closely associated for some fifteen years. The *Musical Record* quoted—as it well might—"with all reserve" a report that the happy bridegroom was Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. Madame Marx, who was born in Paris, is a member of a family that for the last century has been distinguished in different branches of the musical art. Her father was for forty years connected with the orchestras of the Opera and Conservatoire in the French capital as a violoncellist.

ACCORDING to the *Musical Courier* an English statistician has made the discovery that last year 148,645 concerts were given in England, and were all noticed in the English press. These notices covered 9,513,280 lines, and had one person written them, he would have had to write for 95,132 hours—3,964 days. Better now furnish the exact rate at which he would have to write! At the same time, it might be interesting to learn the name of the "English statistician" who finds time hang so heavily on his hands that he must needs kill it in such a ridiculous fashion. By-and-by, no doubt, some one will set him to number the hairs on Paderewski's head—by permission, of course!

It is said that there will be some delay in the publication of Gounod's "Memoirs," as time is required to make, from the mass of letters and memoranda, a judicious selection. The delicate and onerous task is to be undertaken by the

composer's widow, assisted by her son, M. Jean Gounod. Happily the great musician himself revised the first part of his memoirs—that dealing with his youth, his entry into the School of Fine Arts, his departure from Rome, his five years' stay in Italy, and his marriage. Subsequent events in his career will be recorded in the second part, which will also contain some of his literary efforts.

PACHMANN has sometimes been called the Turkey-gobbler pianist. The reason is now obvious. Some one told the eminent pianist that he was generally supposed to be of Hebrew descent. "Nein," said Pachmann proudly; "my father was a Cantor at Odessa, but my mother was a Turkey. I am a pianist." From the same source as this story comes a funny anecdote about Richard Strauss' first Symphony in D minor, which he wrote when at school, and a mere boy. It was received with favour, and the composer was called out. He came forward once or twice, and finally a voice was distinctly heard to say: "What has that boy got to do with the matter?" "Oh, he is only the composer!" and then there was a roar.

ONE who knew her intimately declares that he never met a professional cantatrice who was fonder of talking about herself than Christine Nilsson. Describing her triumph in Russia on one occasion, she said the students assembled and laid themselves flat on the ground, kneading themselves, as it were, into a living pavement in order that she might walk over them to her carriage. The account is no doubt a little rosate; but celebrated songstresses, if we except kings and queens, receive more adulation than any other people on earth, and perhaps they should be pardoned for now and again exaggerating exaggeration itself.

It will be somewhat curious to see Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan in the position of rivals. Mr. Gilbert's new opera will be produced at Daly's Theatre, Leicester Square, probably about the same time as that of Sir Arthur at the Savoy. Mr. Gilbert's, it is said, will be quite in his "topsy-turvy" vein, and will have a touch of burlesque. The scene is Elsinore, and the author intends to work upon the same lines as in his extremely funny travesty of *Hamlet*, which was recently represented at a day performance with remarkable success. The title is not yet decided upon; but of course that is Mr. Gilbert's usual way. The composer, as everybody knows by this time, is Mr. Osmond Carr, whose music to *Joan of Arc* was greatly appreciated.

MR. GILBERT, by the way, writes to the *Times* to express dissatisfaction with the words of "that preposterous doggerel," the National Anthem. It is scandalous, he declares, that such pitiable drivel should be found in associa-

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tion with one of the grandest and most impressive themes in the English language; and he appeals to some of the candidates for the vacant Laureateship to turn their attention to the matter at once. Any such attention, however, even if the result were successful, would be quite superfluous. The great British public are as little concerned about the quality of their patriotic "poetry" as they are about the supposed inhabitants of the planet Mars.

* * *

ENGLISH music, when reflected in the *Indian Mirror*, has rather a quaint appearance. The *Mirror* is a paper written by Baboos for Baboos, and this is its account of the recent Handel Festival:—"Over 20,000 persons went to the Crystal Palace to hear Harden *Messiah*, and they were awarded with a great vocal and instrumental treat. Madame Albinis singing was charming, Miss Mackenzie did well, and Mr. Ben Davies made a great step in advance in his Passun solo and 'How shall dash them.' Mr. Bantley surpassed all his previous efforts, and was perfection itself in his rendering of 'The trumpet shall stand.'" It would be difficult to surpass *this* by any previous effort in the way of musical criticism.

* * *

NEWS comes from Leipsic of the impending doom of the old Gewandhaus, which is to be pulled down to make room for a palace. Art lovers have strongly protested, and a numerous and influentially signed petition was laid before the Corporation asking that a building which had been sacred to classical music from Mozart's day to our own might be preserved, for the sake of its old and precious associations. But the local rulers rejected the petition, and the place of the old Gewandhaus will soon know it no more! The greatest artists of the world, from Mozart to Wagner—composers, conductors, singers and players—had all appeared at the Gewandhaus, and its acoustic qualities were unsurpassed. But what are all these things to the civic potentates?

* * *

THE difficulty of getting thoroughly good singers for the Bayreuth performances has frequently been commented on. Delmas, the basso of the Paris Opera, now suggests that the best singers have very good reasons for fighting shy of the Festival. Speaking of the Wagnerian music, he says that it is not only by the declamatory character of the *roles* that harm is done to the voice, but by the barbaric mixing of registers heretofore unknown. A basso is obliged to sing baritone, baritone tenor, alto soprano, and soprano alto. There is no catering to compass in the Wagner writing. The singers must bring their scopes and compasses with them. Previous voice method is all distorted. It taxes the singers, to say the least: none but the strong can endure.

* * *

Apropos of the taking up of Delibes' *Le Roi Laid*, by the students of the R.C.M., an interesting story is told of Mlle. Chapuy, who played the chief part in Paris in 1872. Mlle. Chapuy will be recollected by old opera-goers, as, in 1875, one of the brightest of the stars of Her Majesty's Opera, then housed at Drury Lane. Most people, however, have probably forgotten the romantic incident which led to her retirement in 1876. She fell in love with a sergeant in the French army, but her parents would not hear of the *mésalliance*, nor would the swain permit her to remain on the stage. The poor girl became pale and thin, and was, in the opinion of the doctors, rapidly developing consumption. Her father then gave his

consent to the match, the young soldier became a sub-lieutenant, and Mlle. Chapuy retired from the opera, relinquishing an engagement at £80 per night to marry the man she loved, and to live on something like £120 a year.

* * *

THERE being no Joseph Bennett to come to the aid of the continental composers, the continental composers are turning largely to English poems or romances as a foundation for their librettos. Verdi's last two operas have both been founded on Shakesperian plays. A Danish composer has set a book adapted from Mr. Haggard's "Cleopatra," and now it is reported that a new opera, entitled *Enoch Arden*, the libretto of which is drawn from Tennyson's famous poem, has been accepted at the Imperial Opera House at Berlin. The music is by Herr Victor Haussmann, a young and hitherto untried composer.

* * *

M. YSAÏE, the famous Belgian violinist, has been interviewed in Brussels, where he is head of the violin department at the Conservatoire. Ysaïe is a somewhat smaller edition in face and figure of August Wilhelmj, but very much the same type of a man. As a Belgian, having been born at Liège, he is more graceful and more readily approachable than Wilhelmj was at the time of the flood-tide of his popularity. He is modest and tractable, and seems to avoid notoriety. His large music-room has all the rudiments of a museum. He will go to New York in November, and will take with him for his American recitals a Josef Guarnerius violin, which was formerly used by a friend of Paganini, and which cost Ysaïe thirty thousand francs.

The Conductor's Baton.

M. R. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, with that unquenchable thirst for universal knowledge which characterises the worshipper of the Common-Place Book, has recently demanded to know who was the inventor of the conductor's bâton. The subject crops up with almost as much persistency as the sea serpent and the big gooseberry; and Mr. Sala has had as little satisfaction in the settlement of it as Mr. Joseph Bennett is said to have had in the reading of a recent *Fortnightly Review* article.

But the history of the conductor's bâton is not quite so obscure as G. A. S. would have us believe. Let us see. We begin with the statement that in olden times the conductor presided at the harpsichord and led his forces as best he could while playing that instrument. But this practice, which was all but universal in the time of Handel and even later, was evidently overlapped by the occasional practice of using some kind of bâton. It seems, for example, to be an undisputed fact that Lully, the celebrated French composer (1633-87), directly met his death from a too vigorous beating of time to his orchestra. In January, 1687, he was conducting a *Te Deum* in honour of the king's recovery from a serious illness. He had provided himself with a stout stick some six feet in length, and with this he gave loud knocks on the floor to mark the time. Unfortunately in a burst of enthusiasm he struck his foot instead of the floor. An abscess followed; the quack in whose hands he placed himself proved incompetent, and Lully died within a couple of months.



This is circumstantial enough; nor is there any reason to doubt the truth of the story. Indeed it receives support from several circumstances. For instance, on the sound-board of a beautiful harpsichord dated "Andreas Ruckers me fecit, Antwerpiae, 1651," is painted a concert of monkeys, one of whom, standing in the midst of his brethren, is deliberately beating time with a regular bâton. This valuable instrument, believed on strong evidence, as Mr. Rockstro tells us, to have belonged to Handel, was formerly to be seen at the show-rooms of Messrs Broadwood, and is now exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. Schoelcher mentions it, and describes the picture, but does not notice the fact that the monkey is beating time.

For all this, the custom of conducting from the harpsichord or the pianoforte continued to be largely followed until quite a modern date. There is a story told to the effect that the celebrated leader, William Cramer—father of the more celebrated pianist—indignantly refused obedience to the bâton of Dr. Philip Hayes, who died in 1797. But then against this we have the fact that when Mendelssohn appeared at the Philharmonic Concert, in May, 1829, he conducted his symphony in C minor at the pianoforte, to which he was led by John Cramer. This at least shows that the practice of leading from the instrument long outlived the eighteenth century, the close of which is set down by some as the date when the beating of time was first adopted.

Later on Mendelssohn was intimately connected with the introduction of the bâton to England, but in the meantime it had made its appearance at the King's Theatre in London. In 1832, Chelard, a Parisian musician, came over to conduct the German Opera Company, and he always led the orchestra with the bâton. Costa, who had before this conducted with the violin bow, saw at once the advantage of the bâton, and adopted it forthwith.

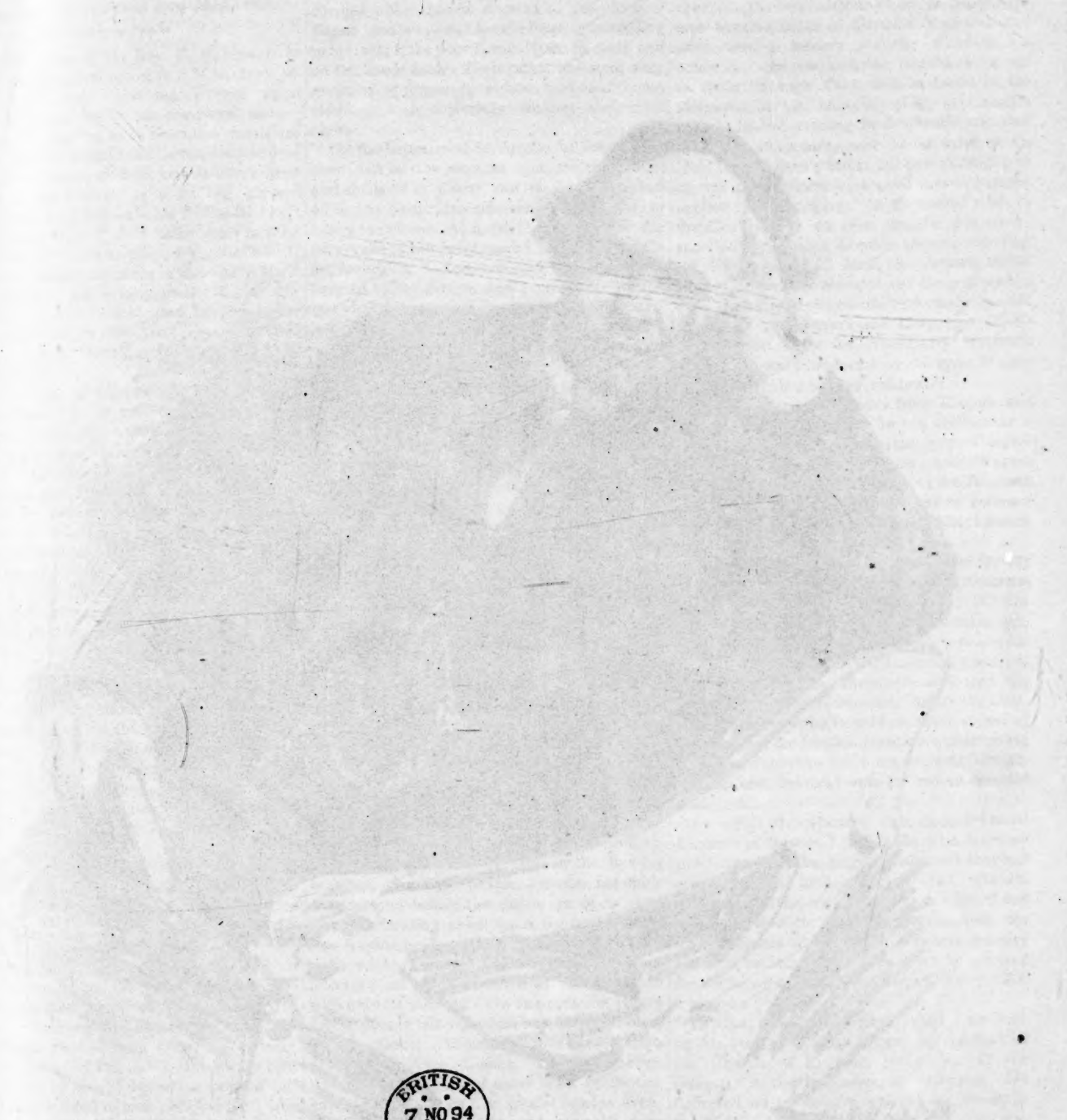
Still, the practice was much criticised, and it was not until Mendelssohn boldly adopted it at the Philharmonic that opposition to the bâton ceased. Professor Ella relates that Mendelssohn was dining with him the day after the Philharmonic rehearsal. He declared himself to be so much annoyed at the impertinent remarks made by the leaders of the orchestra, who criticised his use of the bâton, that he seriously thought of giving it up. "My dear Mendelssohn," said Ella, "do no such thing. Don't pay any attention to them; if you give up the bâton to please them, it will be put down to cowardice on your part." Both Costa and Meyerbeer urged the leaders to set a good example by accepting the bâton. This decided, Mendelssohn and he retained the use of the bâton, which was also used by Moscheles, and has been retained ever since.

The Richter Concerts.

IT may be remembered that Richter was unable to give more than four concerts in the spring, and in consequence Mr. Vert managed to secure him for an autumn season. Of this the prospectus is just to hand. There will be three concerts, on Oct. 8, 15, and 20, respectively. At the last, a Saturday afternoon concert in Queen's Hall, the Choral Symphony will be given, besides Wagner's *Meister-singer* Overture and Schmedelieder, and those variations by Brahms which our critic loves in so severe a fashion. The first two concerts will be given in St. James's Hall on Monday evenings, and the programmes, though interesting, contain no notable novelties.

Negative of Nihil

W. H. B.



W. H. B.



Heine

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MUSIC AND MORALS."

THE claims of the Rev. H. R. Haweis to a biographical notice in a MAGAZINE OF MUSIC must rest mainly—not upon his music, for he has composed none—nor upon his powers as an executive musician, for though an expert and even sensational violinist in his earlier days, he has never been known in the Church as a fiddling parson. And indeed, as he tells us in his "Musical Life," since taking Holy Orders many years ago he has practically given up playing the violin. If he finds a conspicuous place in these columns, it is due solely to his writing on the divine art. If circulation is to be measured by popularity, no English book on music can pretend to rival the popularity of "Music and Morals," and "My Musical Life."

The attempt to treat music seriously, and from a literary point of view, though not uncommon in Germany, and even in France, has not been a success in England up to the appearance of "Music and Morals," now some twenty-four years ago. The book, although scornfully received by several of the musical critics, attained an almost immediate popularity, was at once reproduced in America, and translated into German with a laudatory preface by Moskowski, the celebrated critic and brother of the late composer.

It is not surprising that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then in its palmy days, as well as *Truth* and the *Echo*, secured Mr. Haweis at different times as their musical critic—posts which he continued to hold for periods varying from ten to fifteen years, until his absorbing London duties compelled him to discontinue his frequent attendance at concerts. His musical criticism is now confined to a stray paragraph on some novelty, or a column or two in the *Illustrated London News*, *Globe*, or *Echo*, on the great church festivals.

Hugh Reginald Haweis, M.A. Cantab., was born in Egham in 1838, and is the eldest son of Rev. J. O. W. Haweis, M.A. Oxon., late Canon of Chichester and Prebendary of Heathfield, and Rector of Slaugham, Sussex.

From his earliest childhood he conceived an instinctive passion for the violin, over which he attained a mastery rare in an amateur. He received several lessons—as he always said, his only valuable ones—from Oury, the eminent violinist (a friend of Paganini), who always told his pupil that he should become a professional violinist if he wanted to make his fortune. For three years, whilst at Trinity College, Cambridge, Mr. Haweis held the post of solo violinist to the Cambridge University Musical Society, playing annually twelve solos in public, and leading the great classical septets and quartettes on various occasions. The late Sir Sterndale Bennett accompanied him on his first public appearance.

Haweis was ever an omnivorous reader; but though he wrote assiduously for many years, he found great difficulty in getting into print, until the Dean of Canterbury, Alford, invited him to review Mozart's letters for the *Contemporary Review*, just started. This was followed by Beethoven's letters; and then rapidly, in the course of about two years, almost the whole of "Music and Morals" appeared in the *Contemporary* and *Good Words*, and Mr. Haweis suddenly found himself able to command the best prices for anything he chose to write, a

happy position which, needless to say, he has found no difficulty in keeping. After taking his B.A. at Cambridge, Haweis spent nine months in Italy, following the fortunes of the Garibaldian war. At Naples he fell in with Garibaldi, then at the climax of his power as dictator of the two Sicilies. Mr. Haweis assisted at the siege of Capua, and was assiduous in helping, according to his means, the poor Garibaldians in camp and on the battle field. Their privations were very great, being frequently without food or adequate clothing, and commonly without shelter at night.

On the batteries of St. Angelo he more than once had narrow escapes from the round shot and shells from Capua, and was nearly picked off by the Neapolitan riflemen in his curiosity to follow too closely the fortunes of war up to the very walls of the beleaguered city. Though in feeble health, Haweis returned apparently unharmed by the fatigue and excitements of the last victorious Garibaldian campaign, and entering Holy Orders, buried himself at once in the obscurity of Bethnal Green for two years, becoming curate of St. Peter's, Hackney-road. Whilst here he grew intimate with the future historian of the "Short History of England," John Richard Green, then a curate at Hoxton, and afterwards incumbent of St. Philip's, Stepney. The two clerical novices faced the outbreak of cholera together, and together elaborated plans for the general reform of the Church and re-moulding of theology, which ended as far as Green was concerned with the production of his celebrated book and his retirement from the Church for the brief remaining span of his life.

In 1866 Mr. Haweis took a West End curacy, St. James the Less, Westminster; soon afterwards he took a wife, Miss Mary Eliza Joy, eldest daughter of T. M. Joy, the well-known artist. In 1869 he was offered, by the Right Hon. William Cowper Temple, afterwards Lord Mount-Temple, the Crown Chapel of St. James, Westmoreland Street, Marylebone, where he has remained as incumbent ever since. The church, then so obscure as not even to appear on many of the London maps, is now one of the best known resorts of church-goers on Sunday. It is filled to overflowing, and on the Sunday evenings for the people crowds assemble outside long before the doors are open; and although holding about 1,400, the accommodation is quite inadequate to the demand.

As might be expected, Mr. Haweis has encouraged all kinds of varieties in connection with musical services. On one occasion Henry Leslie gave a full choral and orchestral festival in the church. Henschel, Brereton, Marian Mackenzie, Alice Gomez, Tivadar Nacher, Angela Van Brugh, and many other celebrities have been heard on the special Sunday evenings for the people. After conducting the choir services for many years with boys and men Mr. Haweis introduced about two years ago a mixed male and female choir, putting the ladies in surplices, cassocks, and college hats. The innovation was most favourably received, and when, as Mr. Haweis explained in the columns of the *Illustrated London News*, it was understood that economy, efficiency, and reverence were all promoted by the change, other churches followed suit, and at St. Luke's, Berwick Street, the Church Army, Bradford, and elsewhere ladies attired in surplices and caps are now to be found. Indeed, it is a new opening for women, too long excluded from official recognition in our churches, whilst very freely used in Cathedral festivals and oratorio performances. Whilst boys of any sort are at a premium the quantity of singing girls is unlimited and the quality almost *à la chœur*, as

the French shopkeepers say; whilst this kind of Sunday work—most girls being out of employment on that day—is to be had at a very low figure.

Soon after his appointment to St. James's, Marylebone, Mr. Haweis took a lively interest in the *Echo*, the first halfpenny London paper. He also became editor of *Cassell's Magazine*, and after writing leaders for the *Echo* at his office in the Strand, he would walk up to Belle Sauvage Yard, and be found in the afternoon in his editorial chair at Cassell's office. In the evening he frequently attended musical performances, and would write at his club, in St. James's Street, till past midnight, or correct proofs there by special messengers for the next day's papers. In his annual visits to the Continent in vacation time he has corresponded for various London papers, including the *Times*, the *Pall Mall*, *St. James's*, *Echo*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Illustrated* and *Daily Graphic*, etc. He visited Bayreuth, and made special studies of the *Nibelungen Ring* and *Parsifal*. Whilst there he frequented Wagner's house, and was introduced by the great Master to Liszt and all the other celebrities.

Mr. Haweis received both from Wagner and Liszt the highest tribute to his abilities as a musical critic, the Hungarian papers reproducing his notices of Liszt, and Wagner thanking him for his writings on the Bayreuth Festival, and even going so far as to embrace him in public—a distinction which Liszt boasted that he had received from Beethoven.

Mr. Haweis was appointed by Dean Stanley a special evening preacher at Westminster Abbey, and by Mr. Spottiswoode and Mr. De La Rue in succession to Friday evening lectureships at the Royal Institution, where his discourses on Violins and Bells created considerable attention. He afterwards delivered the series, "American Humorists," before the afternoon audiences at the Royal Institution, repeating the course at the London Institute, and lecturing on Music, Tennyson, and other subjects throughout England, Scotland and Ireland, to crowded audiences.

In 1885 Mr. Haweis was elected Lowell Lecturer at Boston, U.S.A., where he delivered five lectures to the largest audiences that had ever assembled at Huntington Hall. He was also chosen University preacher at Cornell and Harvard, and he travelled throughout the Eastern States of America, everywhere drawing crowded audiences. At New York he received for lecturing at the Nineteenth Century Club a pound a minute.

In 1894, Mr. Haweis again visited New York on his way to Chicago, where he represented the Church of England, being one of the delegates in the Parliament of Religions. He delivered an impressive address on Music in the Hall of Columbus to an immense audience. He preached at Grace Church, New York, at Chicago, Vassar College, and Cornell University, and then went across the Utah Desert to San Francisco, where he was most hospitably received by the bishop and clergy of California, and preached to crowded churches. Whilst at 'Frisco he received a special invitation to visit Salt Lake City, and remained there on his return journey, being hospitably entertained by the Prophet and the twelve apostles. Before leaving the City of the Saints, Mr. Haweis lectured to an appreciative audience of 3,000 Mormons in their Assembly Rooms, and the young Mormons expressing themselves anxious to show the Author of "Music and Morals" their musical proficiency, gave him a special choral performance in the huge Tabernacle, seating 12,000. On this occasion, 500 young Mormon men and women, to his surprise, stood up and

rendered choruses from the great oratorios without a note of music before them in a style calculated to make our Festival Choirs "sit up." Mr. Haweis was glad to find "Music and Morals" a household book at the Salt Lake, and a class book in many of the American schools and universities. Mr. Haweis has published in all twenty volumes, besides voluminous contributions to newspapers and magazines from the *Times* and *Quarterly Review* to the *Star* and penny dailies.

His most numerous works are of course theological—the best known being "Thoughts for the Times," which, with his "Music and Morals," have reached some twenty editions, five volumes, entitled "Christ and Christianity," being a graphic picture of church history to the death of Constantine, and the "Broad Church," which contains his latest utterances on Christian doctrine and theology up to date.

Mr. Haweis has received frequent and tempting offers from America and the Australian Colonies, but he declares that whilst health and strength remain to him he considers it the greatest privilege to teach in the centre of London in a building frequented year in year out by every section of the English-speaking community; and whilst delighting in excursions sometimes of three and four months to different parts of the world, he considers that his life-call is to London, and to the Church of his own people and his own land. He has paid two visits to Morocco, and whilst at Tangiers was the guest of Ion Perdicaris and Sir Charles Euan Smith, the British Minister. It will be remembered that he threw himself ardently into Morocco politics, and advocated both in the press and the pulpit the need of English supremacy in the land of the Moor. Mr. Haweis has twice of late years visited Rome in the capacity of lecturer to the Lunn-Perowne party.

In the course of a London pastorate of nearly thirty years, and a literary career of about the same duration, it has been Mr. Haweis's good fortune to number amongst his friends, or be brought into personal intercourse with, many interesting and illustrious personalities of the day. As the holder of Crown preferment, he was presented to the Queen and the Royal Family. He was afterwards received by the Duke of Edinburgh, who graciously lent him the Emperor of Russia's Stradivarius violin for illustration at the Royal Institution. He was presented to the Princess Louise by Lord Houghton, and to the Duke and Duchess of Teck and the present Duchess of York. Amongst other celebrities may be mentioned Gounod, Tennyson, F. D. Maurice, Browning, Archbishop Magee, Dean Stanley, T. A. Froude, Sir Morell Mackenzie, Gladstone, Lord Houghton, Lawrence Oliphant, Lord Mount-Temple, Lord Iddesleigh, John Richard Green, all of whom have been at different times amongst his hearers at St. James's, Marylebone, whilst amongst his other friends and correspondents, as evidenced by various articles and published memoirs, must be reckoned General Garibaldi, Victor Hugo, Ernest Renan, Robert Browning, Henry Irving, Henry Ward Beecher, Sir Richard Owen, Swinburne, Holman Hunt, Max Müller, Cardinal Manning, Father Hyacinthe, Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, G. O. Trevelyan, Archbishop Tait, Dean Stanley, Dean Alford, Dr. Whewell (Master of Trinity), Bishop Lightfoot (of Durham), Bishops Ellicott (Gloucester), Moorhouse (Manchester), etc., etc.

Mr. Haweis has never been very pronounced in politics, but he supports the franchise for women, and is generally on the side of the working classes, but not always in favour of

their demagogues. He has always advocated the opening of museums on Sunday, was one of the earliest to introduce penny readings and popular lectures in the East End of London. He is an advocate of charity organization and charity reform, one of the original founders of the Cremation Society, and is a hot denouncer of the excesses of vivisection. In his travels he has obtained a quaint store of *objets de vertu* and curiosities, which makes Queen's House an object of interest to many visitors. Mrs. Haweis' artistic gifts are well known, and her book "Chaucer for Children," and the "Art of Beauty," have attained a large circulation. She also takes an enlightened interest in all matters connected with the elevation and improvement of women's social position and education. Mr. Haweis resides when in town at Queen's House, Cheyne Walk, on the Thames Embankment. The house is one of the few surviving houses of Wren, built originally for the Queen of Charles II. on the foundation of Henry VIII.'s old Chelsea palace. Before Mr. Haweis' occupation it was the abode for many years of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, poet and painter, and it is now certainly one of the oldest and most interesting houses in London. Mr. Haweis has been a frequent contributor to the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC*.

Berlin.

September 14th, 1894.

WHEN one looks over the announcements for the coming year, and thinks of all the good things there will be to hear, it fills one with a glorious anticipation, and makes one's "mouth water," or, more correctly, one's ears tingle.

First and foremost come the celebrated "Bülow Concerts" in the Philharmonic, a series of ten. Richard Strauss, of Weimar, is the director, having been permanently appointed to fill the position rendered vacant by the death of Hans von Bülow. His appointment is looked upon with great favour by the discriminating Berlin public, and it is anticipated that under his care the orchestra will regain its former unapproachable excellence, which it attained and held when Bülow led it with his magic wand. Latterly, since the illness and demise of its late famous conductor, the orchestra has not played so well. There has not been that precision and *finesse* which was so characteristic under Bülow. It was becoming rather disorganized, and the attendance at the concerts was falling off, all owing no doubt to the repeated change of conductors. Under Hofkapellmeister Richard Strauss great things are looked for. He is considered one of the best conductors in Germany, and as a composer he ranks very high. His opera *Guntram*, recently brought out in Weimar, achieved a wonderful success, and is even compared to *Parsifal*. Strauss, like Wagner, is his own poet, and follows very much in the footsteps of the immortal Bayreuth master. His technique of orchestration is said to be even greater than Wagner's. One eminent German critic, who travelled from Berlin to Weimar to hear *Guntram*, enthusiastically exclaims, "Strauss begins where Wagner left off!" However true this may be, certain it is that the directors of the Philharmonic concerts in Berlin have engaged one of the greatest geniuses of the day to conduct their orchestra, and a man of whom much will be heard in the future.

A series of ten symphony concerts by the fine orchestra of the Royal Opera House, under Felix Weingartner, will commence next month, and many new works will be brought out. The Joachim Quartett begins its unequalled chamber evenings also in October, and a cyclis of four concerts will take place before Christmas. By the time this letter is in print everything in the busy musical life of Berlin will be in full swing, and the rush for tickets will commence. Already the opera has begun in earnest, and the *Nibelungen Ring* is occupying the attention of Wagner lovers at present.

The "London Military Band" has been the attraction at Kroll's Gardens during the latter part of the summer. They made a very good impression, the purity of tone being excellent. There has been a very good orchestra at Kroll's all the summer, under Mr. Paul Prill, who has been giving the people excellent programmes, and occasionally symphony evenings. One can hear a Beethoven symphony in Berlin almost every week in the year. G. H. F.

A Critic's Day Dreams.

LIE and bask in a shallow saucer, a mere dimple, on the broad top of a low sand dune. Raising my eyes, the long green leaves of the bent grass cut the sky into blue sharp-edged chequers of many shapes. Lower, the chequers are closer and not blue, but a warm grey, and I know the pure sand lies there. Intermediate, 'twixt sky and beach, a flat surface glistens, here cool to the eye, like pearl, there hot, like a burnished steel mirror; and when the air on a sudden slightly stirs and shining flat goes dead in patches I realize it is the sea. But the air moves rarely. Neither bent-grass nor blue-bell nor yellow-top shakes. A silence hangs over the coast—a silence emphasized, brought into relief, by the occasional faint screech of the gulls far out at sea, or the plaintive note of the tern, or the piping of plover and curlew behind me inland. The continuous undertone of the water, slowly grinding pebble and sand, is merely silence set to perfect music. The stillness is not of suspense, but of splendid, satisfying, broad-streamed life, and lying here, I partake of it with bird and tree and flower. How remote and small appear the squabbles of the great mean metropolis. If the image of my most detested artistic antipathy passes before me I can instantly dismiss it, calm in the knowledge that, like the image, the man is ephemeral and weak; for I see things as they are—see them in proportion—and cannot mistake the dragon-fly of an hour for the everlasting phoenix. The very names of the stinging gnats of St. James's Hall have passed from memory.

Thus, sleeping in the sunlight, I dream. But sometimes I wonder whether my indifference to things that once were annoyances to my best faculties implies that those faculties have lost their edge—whether, in a word, a lazy life is making me dull. And I call before me some of the mighty works of old time—Bach's B Minor Mass, Handel's *Belshazzar*, the Funeral March from the *Götterdämmerung*—and nobler, more splendid and vital, than ever they appear to me. Then by contrast I think of pretentious efforts that shall not have a name here, and they seem, not poisonous, hurtful, but childish, weak, colourless nothings. So I learn that this life is not loss, but infinite gain. Some genuine criticism, I imagine, might be contrived here. There is none in the great cities; there is nothing but wars of supremacy between different men, different schools. The bad thing cannot be merely forgotten there: its poverty, its helplessness, its fleshless bones, must be proclaimed from the housetops; for that "mighty engine" the Press is at work day and night to declare that the fleshless bones are full of health, the weakness mighty strength, the poverty great riches, and the people are as children that believe in the voice that shouts loudest. Nevertheless, I hold to this: that we none of us know the thing that is truly beautiful, the immortal thing, unless we have at least once cast off civilization and been in touch with nature; that the thing which has not been put to the test on a perfect summer day amidst grass, flowers, winds, and near the murmuring seas, has not been put to any test at all.

A Lady Novelist's Musical Recollections of London Seasons.

THE novels of Lady Morgan, like those of the once popular Countess of Blessington, are practically unknown to the present generation of "young ladies" who patronise Mr. Mudie's establishment, but they were the favourites of our grandmothers, quite as much as Miss Braddon's and "Ouida's" volumes of fiction at the present day. Lady Morgan was not only a successful authoress, but a leader of society in London during the season, and invited many celebrated musicians and singers to her house. Her musical recollections scattered about in various volumes are not only entertaining but also instructive from an historical point of view. Lady Morgan, it must be remembered, was the daughter of an Irish musician, named Owenson, and received some instruction from Tomasso Giordani. She began her literary career as a song-writer, preceding Thomas Moore in the work of setting ballads to old Irish airs.

In the autumn of 1831 Paganini arrived in London, and was soon invited by Lady Morgan to her house. The following is her account of a soirée in honour of the celebrated violinist:—"Since our return, we have been in perpetual agitation about the Reform Bill, but I picked one gay, light-hearted, agreeable evening out of the bustle—a dinner and soirée for Paganini. I asked him, not as a miraculous fiddle-player, but as a study. He came into the drawing-room in a great coat, a clumsy walking-stick, and his hat in his hand (quite a Penruddock figure), and, walking up to me, made a regular set speech in his Genoese Italian, which I am convinced was taught him by his secretario; it abounded in *donnas celebratissimas*, and all the superlatives of Italian gallantry. At dinner he seemed wonderfully occupied with the dishes in succession, and frequently said, '*ho troppo mangiato!*' at each dish, exclaiming, '*bravissimo! eccellentissimo!*' The fact is, I had copied a Florentine dinner as closely as I could, having had a Florentine cook all the time we were in Italy; so we had a *minestra al vermicelli*; *maccheroni* in all forms, etc., etc. I asked him if he were not the happiest man in the world, every day acquiring so much fame and so much money. He sighed, and said he should be but for one thing, '*i Ragazzi*,' the little blackguards that ran after him in the streets. In the evening I took him into the boudoir, and we had a *tête-à-tête* of an hour, in which he told me his whole story, but in such an odd, simple, Italian, gossiping manner, half by signs, looks, and inflections of the voice, that though I can take him off to the life verbally, I can give no idea of him on paper; still here is the outline. His father and mother in humble life in Genoa, fond of music—no more. At four years old he played the guitar, and, untaught, attended all the churches to sing, and at seven years of age composed something like a *cantata*; then he took up the violin and made such progress that his father travelled about with him from one Italian town to another, till he attracted the attention and attained the patronage of Elise Bonaparte, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. He was taken into her family, and played constantly at her brilliant little court; there he fell in love with one of her *dames d'honneur*, who turned his head, *pazzo per amore*, and found his violin expressed his passion better than he could. Mademoiselle B— became his guide and

inspiration; but they had a terrible *fracas*, they fought, fell out and separated. One day, in his despair, he was confiding his misery to his beloved violin, and made it repeat the quarrel just as it happened; he almost made it articulate the very words, and in the midst of this singular colloquy, Madame de B— rushed into the room and threw her arms round his neck and said, 'Paganini, your genius has conquered.' Their reconciliation followed, and she begged he would note down those inspirations of love; he did so, and called it *Il Concerto d'Amore*. Having left it by accident on the piano of the Grand Duchess, she saw it, commanded him to play it; he did so, and the dialogue of the two strings had a wonderful success. He married afterwards a chorus singer at Trieste, and she was the mother of his little Paganini, whom he doted on. The mother, he said, abandoned them both, and he was no longer susceptible of the charms of the '*Belle donne*.' His violin was his mistress. While he was telling me all this, he rolled his eyes in a most extraordinary way, and assumed a look that is impossible to define—really and truly something demoniacal. Still, he seems to me to be a stupefied and almost idiotic creature."

Lady Morgan's house during the season of 1833 seems to have been turned into a kind of musical club by the Italian musicians and operatic artists sojourning in London. She relates on June 24: "To-day had a visit from Madame Pasta, more naive than ever; she told us she was near getting into prison at Naples for singing out of *Tancredi*, 'Cara Patria,' and she said orders were given to omit the word '*liberta*' in all her songs. Her happy temperament shows itself most in her tender affection for her mother and daughter; she says that nothing, neither fame nor money, consoles her for their absence.

"Bellini came in, and Pasta, Bellini, and José went through one act of his *Norma*. Bellini was charmed with José's voice. Pasta and I were disputing to-day about reputations. I spoke of her *gloire*, she said, '*gloire passagère*'; it is here to-day and gone to-morrow, yours endure.' I said, '*Je voudrais bien troquer mes chances avec la postérité, pour la certitude de votre influence avec les contemporains.*'"

Notwithstanding this interesting little conversation about posterity, Lady Morgan's novels are now forgotten, and the former universal fame of Madame Pasta only dimly remembered. The composer of *Norma* and his pupil soon came again to the house, and on July 1 Lady Morgan records:—

"Pasta and Bellini jumped out of a hackney-coach at our door to-day, with a roll of music in their hands; it was the score of *Norma*. They came, Pasta said, from the second rehearsal. Bellini scolded his great pupil like a *petite pensionnaire*."

Madame Pasta, when Bellini was out of the room, confided to Lady Morgan this "private" account of herself:—

"I was a *petite demoiselle*, playing and singing in the amateur theatre at Milan. Pasta and I played the Prince and Princess di Jovati, fell in love, and married. Paër, who heard us, or one of us, wrote to us to come to Paris and play in the theatre of Madame Caladoni. I so wished to travel *que j'aurais allé même à l'Enfer! mes parents étaient désolés!* I went on the stage, and was engaged for London; came out in *Télémaque*. I was so ashamed at showing my legs! Instead of minding my singing, I was always trying to hide my legs. I failed!"

"Do you," I asked, "transport yourself into your parts?" "Oui, après les premières lignes. Je commence toujours en *Guiditta* (mon nom) mais je finis toujours en *Médée* ou *Norma*!"

A few days afterwards another batch of Italian artists found their way to Lady Morgan's house.

"Amongst the notabilities who have sought us out are Gabussi and Vaccai, the composers, and Taglioni, *la déesse de la danse*. She was brought to us by her husband, who is the son of a peer of France, and ex-page to Bonaparte. She was quiet, lady-like, and simple, her dress elegant but simple. She told me her father was *maitre de ballet*, and had early instructed her; but she had so little vocation that when she came to Paris she had no hope of success. Of her habits of life, she said she lived temperately, dining on plain roasts at three o'clock, never sleeping after dinner, nor taking anything till her exertions at the theatre were over; then she supped on tea. She practises two or three hours a day. She said that the moment force was introduced into dancing, grace vanished; her rule was never to make an effort, but to give herself up to nature and the great delight she had in dancing. She said she never was so happy as when dancing. The moment she comes off the stage her ankles are wrapped in woollen socks, and when she goes home her feet are bathed in arrowroot water."

Lady Morgan seems to have anticipated the system of interviewing at the present day, as any insignificant gossip was immediately written out for publication:—

"I am always studying eminent persons—women above all. Eminent no matter for what, De Staël, or Taglioni, *c'est égal*. Talking with Pasta the other day, I cross-questioned her about her diet. I said, 'I remember one night being with you in your dressing-room when you had just come off the stage in your highest wrought scene (the quartette '*Come, O Nimé!*'); your woman had a bit of cold roast beef ready to put into your mouth, and some porter.' '*Ah si!*' was her reply, '*mais je ne prends plus la viande, et pour le porter, I take it half and half.*' This bit of London slang from the lips of Medea, in her sweet broken English, had the oddest effect imaginable."

Among the lovers of music who visited Lady Morgan's house was a brother of Napoleon I. The hostess, writing on August 4, says:—

"Yesterday Bellini and Gabussi came, and sang and played like angels. Lucien Bonaparte came in as they were singing—

'O bella Italia che porte tre color,
Sei bianca e rosa e Verde com 'un fiore!'

Lucien exhibited a suppressed emotion that was very touching. How honest and clever he is! He said, what I have often preached, 'nations that deserve to be free, are free!'

At last the Italian artists in London took their departure for the sunny south, and Lady Morgan relates that the scene at her house was—

"Curious and interesting; people coming to take leave of us. We had at the same moment Moore, Madame Pasta, Bellini, and Gabussi."

Two years afterwards, on October 1, 1835, Lady Morgan records:—

"Just heard of the deaths of Bellini and of Don Telesfara de Trucha—these two fine emanations of talent, extinguished, and, oh, the blockheads who go on living and boring for ever!"

Lady Morgan frequently travelled on the Continent with her husband, and her descriptions of musical life in Italy and France are also interesting. But what has been quoted from her recollections of the London seasons will be sufficient to show the terms of intimacy she was on with the celebrated Italian artists of her time.

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

Cécile Chaminade. 42

By FRANCIS ARTHUR JONES.

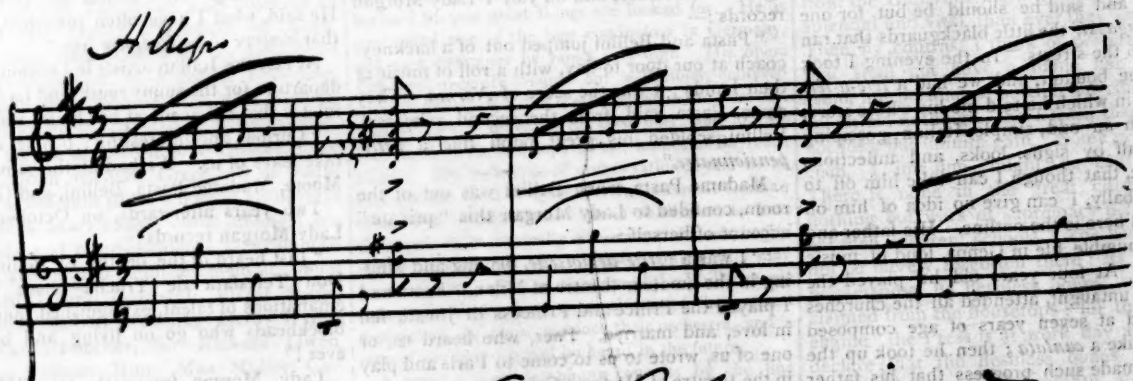
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Romance sans paroles



Av. 2. Ballet



C. Chaminade

THE name of Cécile Chaminade is undoubtedly the most prominent one among the women composers of the present time, and her compositions show a seriousness and elevation which perhaps no other composer of her own sex has exhibited before in the same degree.

It is only comparatively lately that this clever French lady has become so well known to the English; but that her genius, both as composer and pianiste, is now firmly established and appreciated by all true lovers of music in England, is shown by the interest with which her annual concerts in this country are looked forward to.

For three successive seasons has Mdlle. Chaminade, assisted by other artists of her own nationality, presented at St. James's Hall a varied, unique, and, in many respects, remarkable programme of music, both vocal and instrumental, consisting entirely of works from her own pen. And it is one of the composer's rules never to present at these concerts compositions which have figured in previous programmes. All the items are, as a rule, new to the *habitués* of St. James's Hall, and consist of compositions which Mdlle. Chaminade has written during the previous year.

Cécile Chaminade resides in Paris, but travels a great deal, delighting in new scenes and fresh faces, and scarcely half a dozen compositions have been written in the same place. She has given concerts in all the principal capitals of Europe, and has everywhere met with a reception which might have spoilt a less ingenuous mind, but Mdlle. Chaminade is as charming and unaffected to-day as when she gave her first concert some years ago, and received with juvenile blushes of pleasure the honours which were showered upon her.

Of course I asked this charming French lady all about her first compositions, and the story of how they came to be written.

"My very first composition," she replied, "dates from a very long time ago. I cannot remember the time when I did not compose. I think the art of composition came to me as naturally as walking or talking comes to other children. Grown-up people cannot, as a rule, remember the time when they could not run or walk, neither can I remember the time when I did not compose. I have *always* composed, and at the age of seven I had published a mazurka, which was received very favourably, no doubt owing to its being the work of a precocious child rather than from any particular value it possessed as a composition. Still, I was very proud of it, and was encouraged to continue my musical studies. But I had composed long before my seventh birthday, and was never happier than when seated at the piano endeavouring to discover new melodies and harmonies. Now I seldom compose at the piano, and many of my compositions have been written in the most curious places and at most inconvenient times, for melodies invariably come when least expected and are not to be sought. In my childish days, when I had composed a new piece, I would play it on the piano, much to the astonishment and admiration of those who listened to me. I do not think I was at all a nervous or shy child, and when I was engaged in playing a piece, I was so much wrapped up in my subject that I had no time left for childish pride. When I was eight years old, I composed several more short pieces, which were considered a marked advance on my former efforts. These compositions were of a religious character, for I was always very fond of church music, and, as a child, was quite cognisant that all good composers wrote for their churches; and as I had made up my mind to be a composer

one day, I thought I could not do better than follow such good examples. My *Morceaux Religieux* attracted the attention of George Bizet, who greatly complimented me on the success of these *premières compositions*, and encouraged me to continue my studies of composition and harmony, without the most unswerving attention to which, he said, no composer could hope to succeed at his art. From the first moment of my meeting with the genial and gifted composer of *Carmen* down to the day of his death, he was one of my truest friends, and ever took the liveliest interest in my work."

Mademoiselle Chaminade is far too modest to say how this great composer predicted for her the most brilliant future in terms which left little doubt that he recognised in her a composer of whom France would one day be proud. A prediction which has been fulfilled in no small degree, for Cécile Chaminade is to-day one of the most noted and popular writers of music in Europe.

"I detest writing to order," she answered in reply to a question which is as often raised in France as in England, "and now I invariably decline composing in this way. The imagination should be free, the mind unburdened by the knowledge that a composition must be finished by a certain date, and, above all, free from any thoughts of pecuniary gain. Publishers are, however (here in France as well as in your own country), sometimes very desirous that a composer should write for them, and there have been times when I have complied with their requests, but things written freely are always best. Some publishers give a composer every license, and leave to him all choice of subject, and to his judgment the nature of the composition, and the time when it shall be finished. Then, I daresay, the work might not suffer, and there is just a possibility that it might be superior to the composition which was written with no particular object in view. Other publishers, devoid of consideration, stipulate both the character of the work and the time when it shall be in their hands, and afterwards complain, perhaps, that it is not equal to former compositions. How can it be? There are days in a composer's life when he feels unable to write a bar of good music, and entertains a positive distaste for composition, and yet, by his contract, he is obliged to work in order to have the piece finished by the appointed time. At other seasons inspirations come unsought, and surely it is better to wait until then."

Mademoiselle Chaminade finds it somewhat difficult to say *how* she composes, having no particular method, or stated times for composition. Like all other composers, she experiences periods when she feels more in the humour for composing than others, and when this is the case she will work continuously for many weeks together without a break, while at other times a considerable period will elapse between the finishing of one work and the commencement of another.

"I compose," she said simply, "when I have a desire to compose, and never force myself when I do not feel in the humour. This does not mean that I have not my favourite time of the day for composition. For instance, I much prefer the evening for composition *pur et simple*, at which time I find musical ideas come much more freely. But it is the summer I prefer best of all. After the heat of a July or August day, it is one of my greatest pleasures to sit in the cool of the evening writing out the snatches of melody as they occur to me, and then I feel that I could compose from sunset to sunrise again. I am also very fond of the long

winter nights, and have always found solitude and calm great incentives to the composition of music. Never, if I can possibly help it, do I now compose in the daytime, and it is strange that I have gradually accustomed myself so much to composing in the evening, that I seldom have good ideas come to me until after night has fallen. In the morning or afternoon I arrange and work out those ideas which have already been conceived, which is the most tedious part of a composer's life. It is trying and weary work writing down such thousands of crotchets and quavers, and this is one of the drawbacks to an otherwise delightful occupation."

Cécile Chaminade was born in Paris, and comes of a family of sailors. She had for professors Le Couppey, Favart, Marsyck and Godart, who were all unanimous in praise of their gifted pupil. At eighteen years of age this young composer gave her first concert, at which many of her own compositions were performed. Among her audience was the venerable and gifted composer Ambroise Thomas, who, at the close of the concert, enthusiastically exclaimed, "Ce n'est pas une femme qui compose, c'est un compositeur," thus designating her as belonging to the great family of modern musicians. Indeed Cécile Chaminade has had among the admirers of her genius no one who has expressed himself with more honest admiration than the gifted author of *Mignon*.

Among those works which have achieved the most remarkable popularity may be mentioned *Les Amazones*, a lyrical symphony with choruses and orchestra, which many consider her *chef d'œuvre*, some *suites d'orchestre* which have been much appreciated and were most enthusiastically received, two trios for piano, violin and 'cello, various orchestral pieces, twelve concert studies, a quantity of pieces for the piano and voice, and a remarkable Concertstück for piano and orchestra. This last composition was performed at the Lamereux concerts by the author, and added in no small degree to her fame, stamping her as the foremost of the women composers of the century. It was in 1888 that Mademoiselle Chaminade composed her well-known and perhaps most popular ballet "Callirhoé," which was represented the same year at the Marseilles theatre and again in 1891, at Lyons.

Mademoiselle Chaminade has lately completed a comic opera in one act which she has entitled *La Sevillanne*. It is still unpublished, and has yet to be performed. This is the composer's first attempt at comic opera, and it very much depends on the reception accorded to *La Sevillanne* whether she will continue her compositions of light opera. Mademoiselle Chaminade herself is very fond of this class of music, and is possessed of a keen sense of humour which finds vent in many of her compositions. That she will succeed as a composer of comic opera has yet to be proved, but those who are qualified to judge and have seen the score of *La Sevillanne* consider there is little reason for doubt. At her last concert, held a few weeks ago in St. James's Hall, Mademoiselle Chaminade presented her audience with many fresh examples of her genius, all of which were very favourably received and criticised. Among these was one vocal work in particular which attracted universal attention and admiration and has already become well known. The name of this song is *L'Anneau d'argent* the opening bars to which the composer very kindly gave me for reproduction here. To this composition she gives a certain amount of preference, but to designate any individual work as her best is far too difficult a task, and she prefers to leave the answer to this question with the musical public.

It has been very truly observed that Mademoiselle Chaminade knows all that there is to know of her art; her compositions are possessed of an exquisite charm, vigour and power, and developed with a skilfulness which testifies as much to the greatness of her mind as to the surety of her hand.

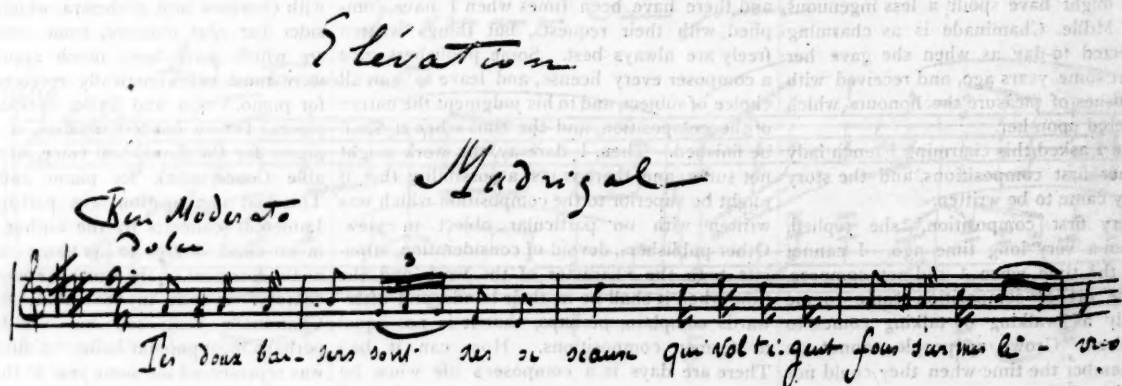
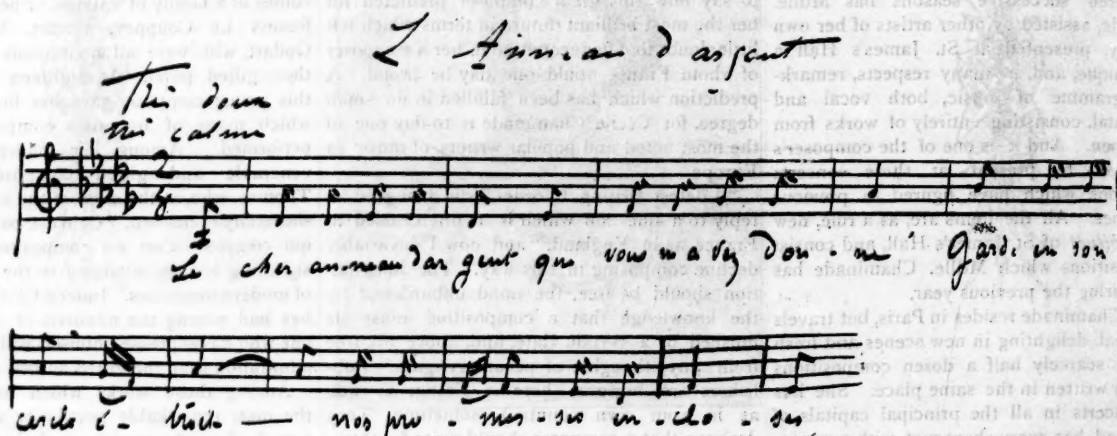
I asked Mdlle. Chaminade how it was that among composers there are to be found so few women who have ever risen above mediocrity in the composition of music.

"I have never thought," she replied with a gesture half surprise, half disapproval at the

question, "Of the reason for explaining why women who have been so eminently successful in every other calling have composed so very little worthy the name of true musical art. I do not think that women are, as a rule, devoid of the powers of melody, and they might be called to a great musical future if they chose to work. Women are not half as persevering as men; are more easily discouraged, and not so susceptible to praise, which is sometimes a misfortune rather than a virtue. I think seriously that women will one day take a prominent place among the writers of high-class music."

In Cécile Chaminade the composer we are apt to forget, or at least overlook, Cécile Chaminade the virtuoso. That she is a pianiste and a pianiste of great value has been shown by the manner in which she interprets her own compositions. She has certainty, clearness, much nervous and sprightly vigour, and, above all, *charm*. "She is a woman, and a woman who knows how to communicate her elegance and grace to the piano."

In 1892 Mademoiselle Chaminade was entitled *officier d'instruction publique*.



Beethoven's
Pastoral
Symphony.

THE CROATIAN MELODIES.

LAST year it may be remembered that Beethoven was charged in one of the German musical journals with having used in the Pastoral Symphony certain melodies or melodic phrases taken, with scarcely any alteration, from Croatian Volkslieder. Numerous extracts were quoted from Croatian songs, bearing such a striking resemblance to certain phrases of the Symphony as to leave little doubt of there being some connection between the two. To this charge Dr. H. Riemann replied, suggesting that there was not sufficient evidence of conscious borrowing, and that, on the contrary, the probability was that the Croatian tunes had been invented since Beethoven's time, and the melodies of the Symphony had got embedded in them. The original writer now returns to

the charge, and gives further evidence as to Beethoven's connection with Croatians and Croatian music. He shows that Croat colonies actually existed in the neighbourhood of Vienna in many suburbs which Beethoven was constantly in the habit of visiting. One so curious as Beethoven was with respect to national music can hardly have neglected such an opportunity if it came in his way, and it seems to be fairly proved that it must have come in his way, although there is no downright positive evidence. Perhaps the most striking point is the fact that when Beethoven, in the year 1819, was elected an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society of Laibach (a town of the Slovenians, a race closely akin to the Croatians), he sent, along with a letter of thanks, a copy of the Pastoral Symphony. Now why, it is pertinently asked, should he have chosen this work (already ten years old), unless because it had some peculiar propriety? and what could that peculiar propriety have been, unless it was that, above all his other works, it had something

which would appeal to a Slovenian or Croatian audience? With all this, no sensible person will consider such a use of popular melodies as involving any imputation either on Beethoven's honesty or his imagination. Perhaps Dr. Riemann will have something further to say in reply.

SIGNOR MASCAGNI, according to *Le Ménestrel*, is engaged on an opera founded on a romance by Nicolas Misas. The title will be *Serafino d'Albannia*, and it will be ready for production in the autumn of next year.

In the Back Office.

(All sit absorbed in strenuous thought for some minutes. Presently the Junior Clerk speaks.)

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—It's no go. It can't be kept up any longer. I don't believe one of us is really thinking. I cannot think this weather. My notions only come to me as I talk.

THE CYNIC.—Fools and children speak the truth. What was the knotty question we were trying to settle?

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY.—Whether any new thing had happened last season. Has a single opera, symphony, overture, even pianoforte sonata, that is new and at the same time good, been given to the people. Or has a really first-class singer or player come on the scene?

THE CYNIC.—Ah, yes! Well, it is a difficult question. For you see, while it's perfectly easy to run through the programmes for the season and tick off the new things, it will be fifty years before we can run through it and tick off the good things.

JUNIOR CLERK.—Whew! Fifty years!

THE CYNIC.—Yes, my boy, it seems a long time to one of your number—a minus number—of years. But just as the bigger a picture or a statue or a building is the further you must get back to see it, its proportions, its significance, so the bigger a piece of music, the further from it must we be removed in time before we can understand it and estimate its value. All judgments passed at the time are premature and seldom right. For instance, at the present moment, Wagner and Chaminade are immensely popular. Whose music is the best? Of course you and I have our suspicions that Chaminade will survive her music. A great many people have no such suspicions. Which view of the matter is the true one? Why, no one can tell!

LIVE DICTIONARY.—But look here. If one looks back, reads up some of the old criticism, it is found that in every age there were men who knew what was true and beautiful, and declared that the true and beautiful as manifested in certain works would one day be recognised.

CYNIC.—At the same time there were men who declared there was neither truth nor beauty in these particular works.

LIVE DICTIONARY.—Certainly.

CYNIC.—Was there any marked difference in character between the men who took the one view and those who took the other?

LIVE DICTIONARY.—No, I can't say there was, so far as I know; there were good men on both sides.—Why this catechism?

CYNIC.—I'll tell you why. Has it never struck you, O Sapien Dictionary, that of many men holding diverse views, some one must be right?—(Pause).

DICTIONARY.—It has struck me, but I had forgotten it. But, to be precise, what do you mean by "right"?

CYNIC.—Now you turn the tables on me. I must hedge. When we say a man of a century or half a century ago was "right," we mean that his views agree with ours of to-day. That's all.

DICTIONARY.—Don't you think that views which have stood the test of time are likely to be right?

CYNIC.—Very likely. The worst of it is that no opinions do stand the test of time. Opinions on art, I mean, and matters that do not permit of reference to the foot-rule and spirit-level. Opinions are like dress-fashions—they come in

and go out and come in again, *ad infinitum*. Shakespeare was in during the 17th century. In the 18th he was completely out, and was censured for his barbarism and want of taste; and the *Tempest*, *Timon*, and others of his dramas were "made into plays." Now the 18th century folk are out and Shakespeare is in. How long it will last, who can say? Why, already there are a number of literary men whose admiration for Dryden, Pope & Co. bursts through the limits imposed by grammar, and though they don't exactly openly scoff at the "Bard of Avon," they shunt him away into a quiet siding. At the same time every one will agree that certain work has elements in it which appeal to something that has been in human nature so far as we trace it back, and which it appears unlikely will ever fade out of human nature, though we cannot be sure. Humanly speaking, the work containing such elements will last as long as present human nature lasts. Like this year's fashions, it is sure to "go out," but like them is pretty sure to come in again.

DICTIONARY.—You are lengthy, friend Cynic. But don't you think this very argument proves that it is possible for a critic to truly judge the work of his own time?

CYNIC.—No, and for this reason. It takes half a century at least to ascertain whether a given work contains what will appeal to the permanent (so-called, of course) elements in human nature. If Sullivan and Chaminade came arm-in-arm to me to-morrow, saying, "Mr. Cynic, we're both popular composers—do you think our works will last?" I would say (kindly, of course, not to hurt their feelings), "My little dears, if you are alive fifty years hence, come to me again, and I'll give you a decisive answer, if you find me alive." Of course I frequently say to myself and to others that neither Chaminade nor Sullivan will die so soon as their music, but I preserve my self-respect by a mental reservation—"providing I'm not wrong!"

DICTIONARY.—That's a fairly extensive reservation! I'm glad I don't agree with you about these matters. For if you're logical, you cannot believe that Beethoven, Bach, Shakespeare, Chaucer, nor even Æschylus or Homer have a permanent stand in the great exhibition!

CYNIC.—I don't think they have. Nothing has a permanent stand. Was there a civilization with its science and literature and music and painting, before the last glacial period? If so, where is it all gone? Whether there was or not, what guarantee is there that our works will survive the next glacial period which is certain as death to come? Bah! it gouges the very marrow and fatness out of life to think of these things.

DICTIONARY.—I should think so! How could an artist create if his outlook was as barren as yours?

CYNIC.—How? The same as a flower blooms—because he likes it and he must! He can no more help it than a bomb in the hands of a French policeman can help going off when the time arrives. It should wait until it's placed where it can be shown that an anarchist intended to use it; but the psychological moment comes, bang goes the bomb, fragments of policeman go up to the stars, and the chief of police curses his subordinate's stupidity, and the newspapers write wildly of another anarchist outrage. So with the artist, future or no future!

JUNIOR CLERK.—Well, of all the long-winded sermons, I'm jiggered! . . . (subsides speechless).

OUR CRITIC.—The boy is right. I've never heard even you two wander so far from the point before.

CYNIC.—The fact is we never got near the point.

DICTIONARY.—What was the point?

CYNIC.—I don't remember.

JUNIOR CLERK.—Why, you started to find whether any of the novelties had any grit in them.

CYNIC.—Right you are! What think you, brother Critic?

CRITIC.—I don't think at all with the wind in the east.

DICTIONARY.—Casting a backward eye on the last season, I'm bound to say I don't remember one in which so few things were brought forward that could be reckoned respectable candidates for immortality. *Falstaff*, for instance, or *Werther*, or *The Attack on the Mill*—was ever such a barren set?

CYNIC.—Certainly the dullest lot ever brought forward by an impudent manager, and puffed by impudent critics, as great works. They are decent, average sort of music, especially *Werther*; but *Falstaff* would never have got away from Milan but for the paid enthusiasm it aroused amongst certain not too respectable critics who went to represent the London press.

JUNIOR CLERK.—If you're talking about concert things, don't forget a new overture by Mendelssohn—*Fingal's Cave*. *The Violet Cover* stated that it is a fine work, and was received with favour by the audience. It also said some variations was too long.

CYNIC.—Mendelssohn should have been wired news of his good fortune as soon as *The Violet Cover* came out. I don't think there were any really good concert things—except that, of course.

CRITIC.—I thought the thing out yesterday. If I were not too lazy to go over the ground again now, I might be of a different opinion. But I remember my impression yesterday was that last season we experienced the tip-top thing in sheer poverty and dullness. All the pianists gave us the same programme. Give me a sheet of paper, and I'll make you a skeleton, detail to be filled in according to fancy. (*Writes for a minute, then hands this round, and continues*)

<i>Fantasia or Disarrangement of an Organ-</i>	
<i>fugue</i>	Bach
<i>Sonata</i>	Beethoven
<i>Selection</i>	Schumann
<i>Selection (5 or 6 pieces)</i>	Chopin
<i>Fireworks</i>	Schubert-Liszt
"	Rubinstein
"	Liszt

CRITIC.—The battered old Philharmonic gave, as usual, undistinguished foreigners chances, which, as usual also, they failed to use rightly. Henschel, as usual, gave no one a chance, being engaged in an unnecessary competition with Manns. Manns tried a good many novelties, but unfortunately they were none of them novel, which a novelty should be. I have spoken.

JUNIOR CLERK.—I guess you have.

CYNIC.—There's nothing more to be said.

JUNIOR CLERK.—When shall we three meet again?

DICTIONARY.—We *str*.

JUNIOR CLERK.—I guess you saw double when you read Shakespeare. I'm for Margate.

CYNIC.—If this weather continues, I think of visiting the Scotchman at the North Pole.

THE IDEALIST.—I think of—

JUNIOR CLERK.—Oh! you had better try a fortnight in heaven.

CRITIC.—And I think I'll shut myself up and have a little music!



A Chat about the Church Bell.

Bells! bells! high in the steeple,
Ringing and swinging o'er city and people,
Floating a song on the silent air,
Sweet as the sunrise, soft as a prayer.

I would not have done to quote that to Charles Dickens in certain of his moods. In his earlier writings, notably, of course in "The Chimes," there are some beautiful passages about bells; but these are as good as cancelled by the fierce denunciations of "The Uncommercial Traveller," and "Hard Times," to say nothing of the untempered tirade in the pages of "Little Dorrit." A cynical and evidently ill-natured individual has compared the sound of the church bell to drops of molten lead falling at slow and regular intervals on the bare nerve. Something like this exquisite pain must have tortured the novelist's nerves when he conjured up that terrible picture of a Sunday evening in London. "Maddening church bells of all degrees of dissonance—sharp and flat cracked and clear, fast and slow—made the brick and mortar echoes hideous. In every thoroughfare, up every alley, and down almost every turning, some doleful bell was throbbing, jerking, rolling, as if the plague were in the city, and the dead carts were going round." There have been times, no doubt, when most of us would have willingly subscribed to all this; but reasoning the matter out calmly on a quiet week-day evening, especially if we have been reading Mr. Haweis on the subject, we are more likely to agree with the poet's view, and to look upon the bell as, if not exactly like the Waverley pen, "a boon and a blessing to men," at any rate as something other than a necessary or unnecessary evil.

When Artemus Ward stated a most abstruse and ridiculous problem to a London cabman, with the object of confusing him, the Jehu replied with the query, "Now, then, guv'nor, don't you think that's rather a dry subject? There's a good deal to be said on both sides." The same may certainly be remarked of the church bell. Divested of its sentimental aspect, it must be admitted that the chime from the steeple is apt to have a disturbing effect upon sensitive tympanums; and in these days, when the sun no longer does duty for the timepiece, the special call to prayer is not so necessary as it was when the science of horology was yet in its infancy. But then look at the fine swing of legendary greatness that there is about bells in the abstract. The rhythmical ebb and flow of their "harmonious madness" may not be evident to the work-a-day mortal, but the poet avers it, and he is the best judge, since no one could write poetry with drops of hot lead falling upon his bare nerves. Around the dust-be-grimed, cobwebby old belfry there certainly hangs a kind of romance. Did not Bruges furnish Longfellow with the ground-work of his most fanciful of short poems? has not Father Prout glorified the bells of Shandon, "that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee"? and has not Edgar Allen Poe sung of the bells in numbers whose witchery never fails to enchant, as they never fail to take the fancy of the amateur reciter? Yes, as a writer on the subject has said, the songs which have celebrated the existence of the bell are to be found in most modern languages, for in spite of the actual ugliness of bells, viewed merely as bells, there seems to have been for ages some wild fascination about these time-honoured

objects which has exercised the genius of the bard. Sir Stafford Northcote once remarked: "I don't know that one could choose any of man's inventions which has more various and touching associations than a bell, and certainly church bells must take a leading place in the great poem that might be written on them." It would surely be an act of vandalism to dispel all this glamour, and certainly no such act should ever be perpetrated by the musician, who, according to Sir John Stainer, ought to live in the land of romance if he would make the soul of his art appreciable to others.

But what does the historian tell us about the origin of bells? Very little; for in truth he knows nothing with certainty. Of course he begins by a reference to the Bible, pointing us to Exod. xxviii. 33, where bells are spoken of as necessary ornaments for the High Priest's robe. As a matter of fact, however, the bell of the Bible seems to have been a mere accoutrement, and is not to be looked upon as a musical instrument, any more than the bell on the head-dress of the mediæval jester. Mr. Layard believed he had found some bronze bells in the palace of Nimrod, but one may be permitted to doubt if these were anything more than ornamental rattles, having little claim to the name of bell. At any rate there is no evidence to show that the bell had evolved into a musical instrument, or that it served other than secular purposes until some four centuries after the time of Christ. Bingham, indeed, considers that it was not used in the Christian Church much before the seventh century; but there are several circumstances to favour the earlier date. It is Polydore Virgil who records the first application, by Paulinus, of the bell to churches, and this in the year 400. Now Paulinus was Bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, and the connection between Campania and our term campanile for a bell-tower is universally admitted.

And here another interesting phase of the subject presents itself. There are competent critics who contend that bells were the origin, the cause, the ruling motive of what we all admit to be the most important part in the externals of a Christian church. In a paper read some years ago to the Architectural Institute, Mr. J. H. Sperling dwelt at considerable length on the influence of the turret, campanile, or bell-tower, in determining the character of a church. "As a means of summoning the faithful to mass (there were no Protestants in those days), or to bid them pray wherever they might be, a bell was needed with a sound that would reach to a distance; and this could only be insured by placing it in a tower at some elevation. The Gothic architects made everything contribute to the design of their cathedrals and churches; and this elevation of the bell was just the thing to call forth their ingenuity." The bell-tower was one of the leading features in their design, and was often, as at Canterbury and Chichester, entirely detached from the main building. The central towers of cathedrals and churches are said to have been intended as lanterns to let in light, not as turrets to contain bells; this was a later innovation. Many towers have been altered from their original purpose to convert them into bell towers, as at Winchester and Ely, but this has generally been done with injurious effect.

We are, however, wandering somewhat from our point. And yet, as Mr. Troyte remarks, the influences which led to bell-ringing and bell-founding were not dissimilar to those which led to the great development of architecture in the cathedral form. Not that architecture or bells were necessarily connected with ecclesiastical predominance; but that the Church being the

great power and central influence of Europe, the art of the time was all drawn into its service, and thus it came to pass that bells became almost inseparably connected with church architecture, and their sounds associated in a special degree with church celebrations. The first bells do not seem to have been cast, but to have been made simply by rivetting plates of metal together, and then bending them gradually into a circular outline; but when the manufacture began to be taken up by Holland and Belgium it was not long before the faithful were being called to worship by those rich, mellow-toned instruments whose sounds "ever stir deep emotions in us, whether of joy or sorrow." England was not slow to adopt so appropriate and useful an addition to her church towers, and learnt, as Sir John Stainer reminds us, to make use of them in a way even now imperfectly understood on the Continent—namely, that of hanging them on the axis of a wheel and ringing them by a complete swing.

A notable, and in many cases an amusing, feature of the old bells, was the inscriptions put upon them by the founders. In the middle ages the priests, it may be presumed, were in general the writers of these inscriptions, and hence we find that the mottoes on the earlier bells were usually in Latin, and were dictated by the reverential feeling of the time. But when the composition of inscriptions came to be left in the hands of the founder himself or even of the donor of the bell, then we had the reign of doggerel. Nothing better expresses the state of things than the couplet actually found in hard metal:—

Mankind, like us, too apt are found,
Possessed of nought but empty sound.

Sound, indeed, without sense, is a characteristic of these early mottoes; as, for instance, in the following, where the names of the founder and the churchwardens are coupled together:—

John Draper made me, as plainly doth appear;
This bell was broke and cast again wich tyme church-
wardens were—
Edward Dixon for the one, who stood close to his
tacklin,
And he that was his partner then was Alexander
Tacklin.

It is not often that the versifier, puzzled for a rhyme, cuts the Gordian knot so neatly. A very good specimen of doggerel is that which proclaims how—

John Martin of Worcester made mee,
Be it known to all that do mee see.

Sometimes the bell asserts its own merit with a fine sense of egotism, as in the two following specimens:—

My sound is good, my shape is neat;
Perkins made me all complete.
I mean to make it understood,
That though I'm little, yet I'm good.

One bell laconically bids us "Embrace trew musick"; and another, evidently from the foundry of a wag, bids the ringers "Pull on, brave boys; I am metal to the backbone. I'll be hanged before I'll crack." One founder rejoiced in the happy name of Pleasant, and the temptation to pun on it was of course too great to be resisted. Hence we have the following:—

When four this steeple long did hold,
They were the emblems of a scold—
No music; but we shall see
What Pleasant music six will be.

Bells were sometimes cast for special uses, as, for example, at funerals and weddings; and in these cases the inscriptions were supposed to be peculiarly appropriate. If a bell were to serve both the purposes just named, it would generally be inscribed—

Sometimes joy, sometimes sorrow:
Marriage to-day, and Death to-morrow.

The instances of a special use are, however, more common. At How-on-the-Hill there is (or was) a bell, dated 1683, which bears the following rather too-suggestive motto:—

When you do hear this mournful sound,
Prepare yourself for underground.

In contrast to this, we have several inscriptions of an amatory character, which at once determine the special use for which the bell was intended. Here is a common one:—

In wedlock's bands all ye who join
With hands your hearts unite,
So shall our tuneful tongues combine
To laud the nuptial rite.

Very often the happy pair are reminded of the transitoriness of human existence and of the end of all things; but generally it is the merry side, as—

When female virtue weds with manly worth,
We catch the rapture, and we spread it forth.

And here we are reminded of an amusing anecdote connected with our subject. There is a certain bell in the Abbey Church of Bath that bears the inscription—

All you of Bath that hear me sound,
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound.

In 1813 an eccentric individual named Nash left fifty pounds a year to the bell-ringers of this church "on condition of their ringing on the whole peal of bells with clappers muffled various solemn and doleful changes on the 14th of May in every year, being the anniversary of my wedding; and on the anniversary of my decease to ring a merry, mirthful peal, unmuffled, in joyful commemoration of my happy release from domestic tyranny and wretchedness." The donor adds, "And now that dear, divine man the Rev. —, of —, may resume his amatory labours without enveloping himself in a sedan chair for fear of detection." Poor Mr. Nash! It is quite evident that things had not gone "merry as a marriage bell" in his little household.

But we have had more than enough of mottoes and inscriptions: a word or two now in regard to superstitious beliefs and usages connected with bells. One of the most common notions was that the ringing of church bells was sufficient to disperse storms, scatter enemies, and drive away demons. It is recorded that the army of Clothair II. was frightened from the siege of Sens by the ringing of the bells of St. Stephen's Church. As to the demons, no doubt they were held to be the cause of rough weather as well as of other temporal evils, and being alarmed at the saintly sound of the bells they would beat a hasty retreat. "For this reason," remarks Durandus, "the church, when a tempest is seen to arise, rings the bells that the fiends, hearing the trumpets of the Eternal King, may flee away and cease from raising the storm." At the time of the Reformation this notion was exposed with delicate satire by Latimer, but we are not sure that it has even yet died out on the Continent. So late as 1832 the Bishop of Malta certainly ordered all the church bells to be rung to allay a gale; but the order may possibly have been given from the idea common in some quarters that the ringing of bells disperses storms and keeps them at a distance by moving the air. "Let the bells in cities and towns be rung often," says an old ecclesiastic; "thereby the air is purified." Amongst the old beliefs that have now been given up may certainly be included the notion that silver added to the metal of which a bell is made improves the quality of its tone. A feeling of piety no doubt influenced the wealthy persons who in former times were wont to cast silver into the furnace containing the molten bell metal; but the experts have long since de-

cided that silver in small quantities does no good at all, and in large quantities is as bad as so much lead. Whether there is or is not really silver in two well-known bells, called the "Acton Nightingale" and the "Silver Bell" of St. John's College, Cambridge, it is believed by these same experts that the sweetness of tone is due to other causes.

And now we must have done with our "chat." In spite of the cynics, it is evident that the bell remains, as it always has been, an object of popular favour. Paul Hetzner, a German who visited us in 1598, records in his journal: "The people are vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as the firing of cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells; so that it is common for a number of them that have got a glass in their heads to go up into some belfry and ring the bells for hours together for the sake of exercise." If the toppers of Dickens' day had been allowed to behave themselves in this way, there would have been sufficient ground for those denunciations of his which we noted at the outset. To every one who has "ears to ear," the bell will no doubt "speak for itself," but meanwhile we will leave the case with Moore, and say—

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

How to Practise.

A FINLAND LOVE-SONG.

THE main thing required by the singer of this song is a capability of a certain degree of passion, and a command of the art of singing *legato*. The pace is rather rapid. The first phrase, should be absolutely smooth, and at "O'er hills and vales of snow" the amount of *crescendo* should, so to speak, be carefully measured out. At the last two bars of the page the chief difficulty of the song occurs. Where the ordinary drawing-room ballad-writer would have given us a howling *fortissimo*, Miss Reynolds has written a lovely rapturous phrase, which must be sung as soft as possible. There is a contrast between the two divisions of the song that must be studiously attended to. The feeling that pervades the first part is that of delight, hurry, and general excitement; whereas that of the other is, so to speak, broader, more self-confidently calm. This contrast has a real artistic value, and it is well worth while the singer looking after it.

It should be noted that the song will not be effective without an artist at the piano. The subdued hurry of the semi-quaver accompaniment on the first page should be in marked contrast with the long sweet phrases on the second; but neither on first nor second page should the *forte* be much louder than an ordinary *mezzo-forte*.

GAVOTTE "JOYEUSE."

Here is a perfectly simple and effective little piece for 'cello and piano for whose loves these instruments in combination. Mr. Paque studied at the Royal College or Academy, and is now in New Zealand; and doubtless his many friends here and there will be glad to see this offspring of his talent.

MINUET AND TRIO.

The minuet is a splendid study in contrasting quality and volume of tone, in phrasing, and in developing the independence of the left hand. The opening should be vigorous and full, while

the succeeding phrasing is delicate. At the fourth bar on the second stave the left-hand part should be learnt first, then the right-hand part; and only when both are mastered should they be taken together. The twelve bars following on the double bar demand the greatest attention. The phrasing of the two notes in the second bar, and other passages made, as it were, on the same model, must be studied with care. The accent, of course, falls on the first of the two notes. The left-hand accompaniment is even and without any special accents save those which mark the first beat of the bar.

There is little to be said with regard to the trio save that here, as formerly, the two hands must learn their parts separately first. Otherwise confusion will occur whenever the left hand, as it frequently does, crosses over the right.

Music in Cape Town.

BY OUR OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

ON Tuesday the 17th, the Mendelssohn Society gave a very successful rendering of Costa's Oratorio *Naaman*, in the New Gardens Hall. Miss Alice Scrivenor, the soprano soloist, has a very sweet voice, though not of great compass, and took the part of the Shunammite woman with good effect. It would have been difficult to exceed the expression and pathos of Mrs. Griffith-Vincent, contralto, in her rendering of the recitative "I sought the Lord and He heard me." Mr. Grant Fallows, tenor, was in excellent voice, and was heard to advantage in the air "Invoking death to end my woes upon the battle plain." Mr. Letty well sustained the part of Gehazi, as did Mr. Baxter in the recitatives of Elisha; Mr. Sowering taking up the roll in the second part. The choruses were also well given, as a rule, especially "With sheathed swords and bows unstrung." The conductor, Mr. Bull, had his orchestra well in hand, under the leadership of Mr. Leo Keyzer; and the audience was a large and appreciative one, so that the Society may be congratulated on a successful concert both musically and financially.

Miss Anna Bergh, one of our leading amateur sopranos, is now on her way to England to complete her musical education at the Royal College of Music. May success attend her.

An excellent violin and organ recital was given, on the 18th inst., at St. George's Cathedral, Mr. Percy Ould being the violinist. His selections were Beethoven's Romance in F, which was given with the performer's usual judgment and delivery; an andante religioso of Thomé, and the andante from the Mendelssohn concerto; also Merkel's adagio for the violin and organ. Mr. Barrow-Dowling, the well-known and appreciated Cathedral organist, played the striking Storm Fantasia of Lemmens; the grand *entr'acte* from *Lohengrin*; the Crusaders' March from Liszt's *St. Elizabeth*; and a brilliant postlude of W. G. Wood. All of which selections were greatly enjoyed by the company of people present. Mr. C. H. Cawse gave a fair rendering of Gounod's song, "The King of Love." The result of the whole recital was, I believe, satisfactory to the Dean.

AN open-air performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana* was recently given by the Philharmonic Society of Girgenti in Sicily, where the events which form the subject-matter of Mascagni's opera are reported to have actually occurred.

The Experiences of a Musical Critic.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE question was, in what direction? Readers are already familiar with the lines on which I wished to run the paper, and are familiar too with the fact that those lines did not meet with Mr. Montgomery's approval. Of course he had promised that if his ideas failed, mine should be tried; but his had not failed—they had hardly had an opportunity so far. I was puzzled to know what to do.

Just then Mr. Montgomery entered, I told him what had happened, and added that my nerves would give way under another attack of the kind.

"Why the dickens should your nerves give way?" he cried, scornfully. "Burglars—why I know dozens"—but here he stopped, painfully awkward, and after a pause continued, "in my early day, Sample, I was connected with a profession that brought me much into contact with the lowest classes; and I can assure you there's nothing to be feared from burglars."

"It's not fear of burglars," I said, "but of ridicule. Why, I'll be the laughing-stock of the whole musical world if we have another issue like the last. We must have a change of some sort."

Mr. Ferdinand Montgomery sat down as perplexed as myself. He obviously didn't wish to lose my invaluable services, and in truth I doubt if he could have carried on his paper without me. But neither did he wish to relinquish his idea. He was not a lunatic, as the world is generally understood; he was merely a man with a fad. His absence of technical musical knowledge prevented him knowing when he was making an ass of himself, and as people rarely go out of their way to stop a man losing money absurdly, however frequently they may dissuade him from spending it on good objects, he might never have known how ludicrous his fad was. It was time now to enlighten him; and, as gently as I could, I proceeded to explain to him that while he was going about proudly imagining himself to be "some one" in the musical world, he was really the cause of much covert smiling. It was in vain he attempted to argue and do the big bow-wow. I knew musical things too well, and he knew it. Ultimately he gave in with a sigh of regret.

"But," he said, "don't let's make this blessed thing so mighty dull as the—. Let's have a new idea of some sort."

At that moment the postman gave a rat-tat; my heart responded in like manner; for I don't mind confessing that another deputation of burglars was not an agreeable prospect, but it was not burglars. Mr. Montgomery chuckled over a newspaper addressed to the Editor of *The Side Drum*. On being opened it proved to be a copy of an American musical journal which had been sent us in derision by one of our own "admirers." I glanced through it, smiled, and handed it to my proprietor. He glanced through it also, and smiled too, but presently jumped up and shouted,—

"By St. Jingo! the very thing!"

I looked a mild reproachful query.

"This sort of thing goes down in America—why shouldn't it go down here?"

There was a pause before I slowly began. "Well, Mr. Montgomery"—but Mr. Mont-

gomery was smart. He wouldn't let me go any further. "My dear boy," he said, "I know I'm making great demands upon you, but you perhaps don't know how much depends on't. If we can't make a success our own way, let's do it in a way that's succeeded elsewhere. Let's have an American paper!"

Arguments, threats, pleadings, were no use; he was bent on working out his destiny. If I argued, he argued; if I threatened, he bullied; if I pleaded, tears were in his voice and eyes. We compromised as before. The American plan was to be tried, and if it failed my own notions were to have their chance. I had a busy couple of days, studying American papers and trying to reproduce their salient features. On one point it was impossible to touch them. Running an American paper must be cheap work. If ever you come across a particularly smart article, be sure it is "lifted" from an English paper. How often have my own humble achievements come back to me in American printers' ink and paper—without any acknowledgment! Of course you may say I could have done the same. That is not so. The only articles worth "lifting" were from English papers, and if I had taken them, their English originator or copyright holder would have made me feel that *The Side Drum*, though it might be a fair imitation of the American journals, had not the advantages of its mode in every respect.

However, for a couple of days' work Number 2 of *The Side Drum* was not a bad attempt. Let me, as in the case of our first number, give instances instead of descriptions. We dumped down advertisements in the most unexpected places in true American fashion. And in get-up they were as Yankee as could be wished. Here are specimens:—

Hust the others!—Rubinstein.
The biggest chunk I've
chawed!—Paderewski.

BROADELSSOHN'S PLANNERS
LICK CREATION.

Why have a thing that's like your mother-in-law's cough when she's down with asthma, when you can buy the

EARTHQUAKE
ACCORDION
FOR TWO DOLLARS?

IF YOU WANT to make a FIZZ and earn DOLLARS, before singing, use CLEVELAND'S HELL FIRE BRANDY, sold in the Prohibition States as a Medicine.

GEORGE B. TURNER is the MODERN STRADIVARI. A darned good Fiddle for FIVE DOLLARS. The others screech like a hen with colic.

The only man on earth to fit you with a good slide-down-gently drawing-room ballad, is EBENEZER W. WILLOUGHBY. Words set while you wait.

PRESS OPINIONS.

Greater than Handel!—*Nova Scotia Tatoo*.

No composer to be compared with him.—*Weekly Splasher*.

Most extraordinary writer.—*Magazine of Music* (London).

These were, I think every one will admit, fair tries for inexperienced people like ourselves. I was for a long time beaten by the task of spinning a leading-article in anything approaching the true style. At last it came.

OUR CALUMNIATORS.

Ananias, we have heard of, also Sapphira, and there are persons jolly well known to even the

heathen schoolboy as tolerable bosses of the art of not telling the truth; but we didn't know the greatest liar on earth until yesterday. Our contemporary, *The Rat-Catcher's Weekly Record*, has found us out. It appears that we take pay for our advertisements. This is a —! we won't say what it is, but we invite the writer of the libel in question to step up some morning when the office is clear and we will fight him fair without gloves. We are the greatest paper of the greatest nation on earth, and will no more allow a calumny of this sort to pass without nailing it down as a vile fib than we will admit that our writing is not just the tip-top thing in literary style. Now then, step up, you!

As for criticisms, I didn't trouble to invent any. I got a quantity of provincial newspapers and made selections, and got the assistant-editor of a notorious London halfpenny evening paper to write me a blue-murder article on the latest fatal fire. I boiled the latter down, so to speak, with a good deal of the former, and so produced a sufficient quantity of average American criticism.

PADEREWSKI'S RECITAL.

How much for that mop? was the question that floated through our intellect as the most notable virtuoso of modern times entered the dim-lit hall of James's, investing it with an air of mystery that made one tremble to think that death was abroad outside in the populous streets of London. Such great thoughts disappeared when he sat down to the instrument. First he laddled out a thing by J. S. Bach. This composer is unknown to us, but we presume he is a relative of the composer of *Imen-garda*. He is evidently inexperienced, and therefore lengthy and inconsequent. We advise him to study under Sullivan, Handel, or some other good master, before he thinks of putting out any more of his half-baked confections. The great Pole was at his best in a sonata by his countryman Beethoven. This unfortunate musician was deaf and blind from birth, and perhaps owing to that has been able more than any other composer to imbue his works with a sense of form and immortality. We were rapt in blissful dreamings as the unceasing stream of melody flowed out. Now we floated on it slap up to the stars; we saw the rings of Saturn and the inhabitants of Jupiter brushing their teeth. Then anon we were changed to an albatross and flew to the eternal cold of the South Pole, where we fed on the seals and the blubber of whales. Presently the tempo changed, and we were a little eel frisking in the sunlight in our native bay; but the sense of foreboding entered into the music, and danger was rife, and immediately we fancied we were swallowed by a large cod, and all was dark. Then gentle strains soothed us back to life again, watching us to our sofa-stall in St. James's Hall, which, in very truth, we had never ceased to occupy. All this was the work of the great modern master, Paderewski, and we dreaded to go out afterwards, for Death was rampant in the London streets.

It only now remains for me to show my readers some of our pars:—

MUCH IN LITTLE.

Three men in a fly.

Uriah P. Johnson, of Philadelphia, is the greatest composer of the age.

It is not true that George W. Williamson, of Chicago, is troubled with boils.

Mrs. James P. Thompson has just bought a new Steinway.

Mrs. Solicitor-General Walter B. Damask had severe pains in her stomach last week.

Her youngest daughter has just cut a tooth.

I thought the whole thing unadulterated lunacy, but Mr. Montgomery seemed to attach such enormous importance to coming out exactly like the American thing that I did my best for him. Wherefore we issued our paper, all equal to sample; and I must devote a whole chapter to the sequel and the termination of my connection with Mr. Montgomery.

(To be continued.)

Our Glee Society.

VII.

EDWARDS, RICHARD, born in Somersetshire about 1523. It is said that he received his musical education under a certain George Etheridge, who, in his time, was described as "one of the most excellent vocal and instrumental musicians in England;" but nothing more of him seems to be known.

Edwards was admitted a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, on May 11th, 1540. Seventeen years later he became a student of Christ Church College, at which period he graduated as M.A. It has also been affirmed by Anthony Wood that he was a member of Lincoln's Inn.

In 1563, in succession to Richard Bower, Edwards was appointed Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal. In 1576, ten years after his death, was published a book of poems, entitled *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, to which work he was the chief contributor.

He also was of a dramatic turn of mind, writing two pieces, viz.: "Damon and Phythias," and "Palamon and Arcite." The first was performed at Court, and the second before Queen Elizabeth in the fine hall of Christ Church, Oxford—this was on September 3rd, 1566.

Her Majesty was so gratified with the performance that it is said she sent for the author, and, after congratulating him, "gave him promise of reward."

But as Edwards died on October 31st, the month following this performance, it is doubtful whether the gracious promise was kept.

There are few examples of his skill as a composer existing. But as Sir John Hawkins has assigned the beautiful madrigal, "In going to my naked bed," to him, we must conclude that there is a great deal of reliance to be put on his assertion. He wrote the words anyhow, and therefore it is most probable that he wrote the music also.—*Hawkins, and Grove's Dictionary.*

Miss Elsie Weston, one of our sopranos, had invited us to hold our next practice at her house, and accordingly there we met.

Billows and I arrived together, and as we entered the hall, there was a fearful barking and *querk, querk* of a jackdaw. Miss Weston, with a few other members of the Society, were standing round enjoying the scene immensely.

Miss Weston explained to us that her dog Puddles (a handsome little terrier) was having a great row with Jim, her jackdaw. The latter, having stolen a piece of sugar from Puddles, had flown to the top of the hat-stand, and holding it in one of his claws was defying the barking and infuriated Puddles below.

"You cannot offend Puddles more than by taking away his sugar, and knowing this, that rascal Jim delights in teasing him, and consequently they quarrel no end," said Miss Weston; "but the fun of it is," she continued, "Jim never eats the sugar himself, but when he thinks poor Puddles has nearly barked himself

hoarse, and deafened us all here, he will drop the sugar with a wicked twinkle, and give a proud *querk, querk*, as if to say, 'Take it, you stupid old Puddles; it's only my joke.'"

Tittletop now coming upon the scene, we adjourned to the dining-room for our evening's practice, and left Jim and Puddles still fighting it out in the hall; but as the barking suddenly ceased, we came to the conclusion that the battle had terminated, and Puddles had recovered his sugar. Tittletop gave his proverbial tap, tap, tap on the table with his bâton, and silence "reigned around," save an occasional *querk, querk* from without.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Louis, "I fear the subject on the little slips that you have received is not quite so full of interest as some of the previous ones, but this deficiency is, I think, amply compensated for by the beautiful madrigal, 'In going to my lonely bed,' which, all thanks to Native Worth for unearthing, we are about to try. I may say that is at once a composition melodious, musicianly, and graceful, and whether Richard Edwards wrote it or not, it is the work of a musician with a free hand and artistic instincts.

"Heeah, Heeah," piped Horace Slim, as was his wont when bursting with musical enthusiasm. Slim's Heeah! *Heeah* was his "safety valve." Every one felt happy whenever he uttered it; he always looked calmer himself.

"You will notice," said Tittletop, "that the peculiarity of writing the alto an octave higher than sung has been preserved in this madrigal; it was quite a common occurrence to do so."

"For what reason, Mr. Tittletop?" asked Miss Little.

"I can see no reason in the present instance, but for compositions for male voices, where the alto was the highest part, it was written an octave higher so as not to appear to be below the tenor; but let us try it over."

Tittletop blew G on his pitch-pipe, and after giving four beats to the good, a start was made.

The first attempt was on the whole fair, but of course there were many mistakes.

"Not bad, not at all bad," said Louis; "you can see what a lovely thing it is."

"Beautiful," said Billows.

"The words are quaint, sir," said Slim to Tittletop.

"Yes," answered our conductor, "but the beats are excellent. Moral, now let us try the altos first. The first note on the low G must be given with great precision; look out for the crescendo on 'lonely bed,' and at the words, 'Sing to her child' you must make a beautiful diminuendo at 'and wept,' and only two beats to 'wept'; you all made four just now. Let us try, altos, from the beginning."

Louis was pleased, and he had a habit of wiping his eyeglasses when in a happy frame of mind; on this occasion he gave them an extra rub, so we all knew that we should be let "down lightly" this evening.

"We'll all try the first twelve bars, but be very careful about attacking the first note; there can be no possible difficulty about the matter, because you all commence on the same note G. They tried.

"Now really, ladies and gentlemen," said Louis, "that was very, very nice, so nice indeed that I think we will have it again; but if you are of opinion that I am too eulogistic in my remarks, I will just give the tenors a little grumble, (mind only a very little one), and that is, be careful not to sing the phrase, 'moaned and wept' in a jerky manner; it must be as smooth, as smooth as—"

"Might I suggest as smooth as Billows' head," said Worth, amidst roars of laughter, in

which Billows joined heartily,—he was quite bald on the top. Little remarks like this in "Our Merry Glee Society" were not considered personal; we all understood each other; but when our conductor remarked:

"Thank you, Worth, for your admirable suggestion. Nothing could better illustrate my meaning." The whole company was fairly convulsed. Even "Jim," the jackdaw, caught the infection, and indulged in loud and long *querk querks*.

When *Our Glee Society* had once more regained its usual composure, work was resumed.

Tittletop remarked,—
"The next few bars are quite plain and easy sailing, but, tenors, you must accent the word 'would,' accent it so that the others may follow your example as you see they should do; and you must make a diminuendo at the phrase, 'upon its mother's breast.'"

"She was full weary, etc.," is easy, but mind the crescendo on 'with her child'; and then, tenors, you must once more distinguish yourselves at the phrase, 'she, rocked it'; mind, no throaty tone, but a good powerful top G, which I know you all possess, so let us have it; but at the words, 'on her it smiles,' we are once more altogether, in a delicious diminuendo:

(Good phrase, Tittletop, G, F, G)
"Then did she," etc., *piano*; then tenors again must lead the accent on 'proverb,' and again at 'the falling out,' and a good *forte* to finish. Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you have been following me carefully throughout my remarks, we will try it once again; but please be careful to speak your words quite distinctly, they are very pretty, and worth listening to."

Louis Tittletop, XT. M. P. OR. E., was very pleased when they had finished, and rubbed away at his eyeglasses more vigorously than ever.

"I really think," said he, "we shall have to give an invitation concert at the Town Hall. What do you think?"

"I think the idea a capital one," said Slim.

"It seems a pity to hide our light," said Miss Sttam.

"We will see," said Tittletop; "some of us will have a chat about it during the next month, and perhaps something definite may be arrived at by the time of our next meeting."

After accepting Miss Weston's kind hospitality in the form of a refreshing cup of coffee, practice was resumed.

When the evening's work was done, and we were putting on our gloves and coats in the hall, I pointed out to Billows, "Puddles" fast asleep on a rug with "Jim" standing on one paw almost asleep—at least with one eye," and as Billows linked his arm in mine, and "we went forth into the darkness" (I believe that is the correct way to put it), he whispered in my ear,—

"The falling out of faithful friends,
Renewing is of love."

GEO. F. GROVER.

Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,—In the article upon Moniuszko in the last issue, the following names were incorrectly given and ought to be corrected. 1, Moniuszko; 2, Lithouania; 3, Mickiewicz (his favourite poet), not Mikwaber; 4, Kurant, not Rurant. Glinka, the famous Russian composer, was rendered Slinka, and finally, Niemcewicz, not Miencewicz.

With kind regards,

JANOTHA.

NORTHWOOD PARK, COWES,

September 5, 1894.

The Pearl of Lyons and La Belle Cordière.

— 10 : —

It was on a fresh spring day in the year 1556 that Madame Perrin, better known to the world as Louise Labé and La Belle Cordière, was reclining under some old chestnut trees whose foliage shaded a terrace at the upper end of the extensive gardens which adjoined her house. She wore a dress of silk richly embroidered with pearls, her fair hair fell carelessly about her shoulders, framing the loveliest, and perhaps the cleverest, ace Lyons has ever given birth to. A lute lay on a bright silk cushion at her side, and near it, as if impatiently pushed aside, two or three books.

It was thus that Louise loved to be, in the open air, listening to the twittering of the birds, watching the busy insects, the early flowers at her feet, the trees shooting into bud overhead.

Presently a light step tripped down some hidden path, and a soft voice, sweet as the sweetest music, called "Louise." Before Madame Perrin could answer a face appeared between the bushes, and with a joyful exclamation a young girl, none other than Clémentine de Bourges, the Pearl of Lyons, sprang forward.

"Es-tu méchante?" she cried playfully, kneeling down to kiss Louise; "poor M. Perrin is all alone in that big ugly house of yours. I saw him as I passed, his head buried in thick dusty books."

"You need not pity him, mon chou; he likes it. But don't let us talk about him. Ah, my child, you missed a treat last night. M. Cordon stopped in the town on his way to Paris. M. Rubys brought me intelligence of his arrival, and I straightway dispatched him to request M. Cordon to honour me with his company. He came, and we conversed for a long time, and then he played to me. What tone! what colour! I cannot praise him sufficiently. Et puis, after, I was foolish enough to let him persuade me to take the lute, you can imagine how insignificant I felt, and how surprised I was when, instead of laughing at me when I finished playing, he could not express his satisfaction eloquently enough, and ran up and down the room like a mad man, his face all on fire, clapping his hands, ruffling his hair, and talking to himself the while. And all this excitement was occasioned not by my playing, oh no, but by Mademoiselle de Bourges' composition. My dear Clémentine, he is enchanted with it. He would not believe it was the work of a woman, of a young girl. An hour was spent in assuring him of the fact. He left at last with many regrets, taking with him one of your madrigals. What say you, mon chat?"

"How I wish I could have been there! and yet I do not, for it was Paul's last evening, and—"

"I had quite forgotten M. de Chanrac; has he left Lyons?"

"Yes, he went back to his old castle early this morning, and I—I am quite disconsolate. Louise, I am so happy. Once I thought my music was sufficient,—now I could not exist without Paul. He is—ah, he is everything. My songs seem no longer poor now he sings them. Louise, why should we grow old? why should we die, since we are so happy?"

La Cordière smiled.

"This is your glad strain to-day, child. It is spring. You forget there is a winter as cold, as bitter as your spring is warm and mild."

"A little month ago and Clémentine would

never love!" continued Louise with mock seriousness, and a twinkle in her eyes; "there breathed not the man Clémentine would love, and here is that same Clémentine in rapture over what she so despised."

"Not that same Clémentine," interrupted the girl; "that Clémentine is dead, and now—"

Louise shook her head.

"We shall see. And so our Paul has gone away?"

"Yes; but he will soon be back again. He has but gone to quiet some restless clamouring knaves—would they were all dead. But, Louise, listen, I will show you how good love is."

She took the lute, and after a few bars of fitful melody, sang a delicate love song which brought tears to her friend's eyes.

"Poor child," Louise murmured, "what an awakening she will have!"

They neither spoke for a few minutes; then Clémentine drew a paper from the folds of her dress, and said shyly,—

"You have so often wanted me to write some verses; I have tried, and—you must not laugh—they are to him."

Louise took them and smiled as she perused them, much to Clémentine's dismay.

"Oh, Louise, you shall not laugh. Give them back to me. It is very unkind of you," and she tried to snatch the paper away.

Louise jumped to her feet. Holding the paper out of Mademoiselle de Bourges' reach, she proceeded to read them with dramatic energy, stopping to comment on such phrases as "ses beaux yeux mélancoliques," and "son sourire langoureux."

"Give them back to me," cried Clémentine, almost in tears. Louise only laughed, and would have read them to the bitter end had not a voice called "madame," and a servant, all out of breath with running, arrived on the scene.

"I am here, Diane. What do you want?" answered Madame Perrin, stepping to meet the young woman, and at the same time concealing the verses.

"M. Bourguet and two ladies are waiting to know if madame will receive them."

"I am coming," said Louise, picking up the books, and allowing Clémentine to take them from her.

"Give me the verses," begged Clémentine.

"No, ma chérie, leave them with me," replied Louise. "They are not bad," she added, picking up the lute and drawing her fingers over the strings. "They are not bad," she repeated; "still, for the credit of our friendship, I must improve them."

"Then I forgive your laughing at them," cried Clémentine, throwing her arms around Madame Perrin's neck and kissing her warmly.

The next day the two friends were together again. Clémentine had brought two new songs for Louise to try over; one of them was called "Fidelity," and gave rise to this remark,—

"So you think, petite," said Louise mockingly, "that this lover of yours would be faithful to you whatever happened?"

Clémentine looked up with innocent trusting eyes, and said softly,—

"Paul would be true to me if our lives lasted centuries instead of years."

"Ah, ah," laughed Louise, "what a little unsophisticated she is! Well, let us sing the song again."

"I should like to see your Paul," remarked Louise later on, as arm in arm they returned to the house.

"But you said you would not like him, and—"

"Still, I should like to see my Clémentine's

future husband; you are so much to me, dearest," she said, kissing Clémentine's delicate smooth cheek. "Will you not tell him about me," she said persuasively, "and how pleased I should be to welcome him?"

Clémentine looked uncomfortable. Louise saw the expression of uneasiness on her friend's face, and at once concluded she for some reason or other wanted to keep M. de Chanrac to herself.

La Belle Cordière was hurt and rather offended; she stooped to pick some violets to hide her feelings. Clémentine guessed them. But what could she do? She had asked M. de Chanrac two or three times to let her introduce him to her great friend, and he had refused. He had even suggested that La Belle Cordière was not a woman he liked for her friend. Clémentine would not tell Louise this, and preferred to be misunderstood than to wound by explaining the real situation.

Unfortunately for Clémentine she did not keep her resolution.

Constant hints and sarcastic remarks put her off her guard, and in a hasty moment she confessed the truth.

To Clémentine's surprise, Louise was not angry. She smiled and said sarcastically,—

"I am glad you have told the truth at last: the truth is always best."

Clémentine looked at her in astonishment. Then she realized that Louise still thought it was not M. de Chanrac's fault he did not visit her.

They parted very coldly, Louise observing that perhaps Clémentine had better not come and see her as it was always unwise to give a lover the slightest excuse for displeasure.

She said it, and she expected Clémentine to kiss and ask to be forgiven if she had unconsciously offended. But Mademoiselle de Bourges considered that Louise had been unjust, and she would not take the first step towards reconciliation.

When she was gone? La Belle Cordière lay a long time thinking bitterly. She had loved Clémentine: this was how her love was repaid. There could no longer be any friendship between them. How Clémentine had flouted M. de Chanrac's fidelity! What vanity to think that no other woman would be able to gain his affections! Louise Perrin, *cette petite bourgeois* (as the jealous ladies of Lyons called her), is not good enough to entertain M. Paul de Chanrac. Well, we shall see.

She sprang to her feet and paced passionately up and down the terrace.

After a while thoughts of revenge soothed her temper. Louise Perrin, *cette petite bourgeois*, would make Mademoiselle de Bourges rue the day she had thus insulted her: she should feel the full extent of La Belle Cordière's power, and learn that the immaculate M. de Chanrac himself could not resist her.

Three days passed. Louise hardened her heart because Clémentine allowed them to pass without a sign, without a word.

On the fourth Louise was not at all surprised to hear of M. de Chanrac's arrival in Lyons: it was what she had expected and was waiting for. Her revenge was now assured. It was an easy matter, after once attracting him to her house, to fascinate him with her beauty, to astonish him with her genius. In a shorter time than she had hoped Paul de Chanrac had forgotten Clémentine and was begging La Belle Cordière to give him but one smile.

The revenge accomplished, her wrath appeased, Louise wanted to rejoice, and instead she could only wish vaguely that things were different. She tried to forget Clémentine, and the more she tried the more she thought about

her. One day, coming across the verses she had taken from the child, she gave way to hysterical weeping. She would willingly have parted with half her husband's wealth to be able to look Clémentine in the face.

She had expected some letter of reproach, but none came.

One afternoon, as she was lying under the chestnut trees, a shadow fell on the terrace, and before her stood Clémentine, pale, sad, rejected, stretching out her thin hands in supplication.

Louise turned away to hide her horror.

"For pity's sake, Louise, forgive me," cried Clémentine, advancing.

"What has happened? What is the matter?" was all Louise could gasp.

Clémentine passed a thin hand over her forehead as if trying to think.

"Louise," she cried, throwing herself at La Cordière's feet, "you were right to laugh at me. He—loves—some—one—else."

"Who? What?" faltered Louise, knowing only too well what the girl meant.

Clémentine's sad eyes looked into distance, while she said in a monotonous voice, which had lost all its joy,—

"Whilst I was lying ill another robbed me of him—he no longer loves me."

"Ill!" exclaimed Louise, "ill!" she repeated, as if trying to grasp it. "Why did you not send for me?"

"You were angry and offended—I could not. I was so sorry, and I sat a long time by the river thinking how good you had always been to me, and wishing you—" Clémentine broke off, and continued after a pause, "They found me insensible; I had slipped down. My feet were in the water. A low fever followed. I ought not to be here now, but I thought you would help me, you who are so clever. Paul loves another," she wailed, and burying her head in the cushions, sobbed like a child.

Louise stroked her hair and murmured words of comfort. She persuaded her to lie down on the cushions, and covered her gently with a shawl. She then took a lute and played some of Clémentine's own sweet, true music till the weary eyes closed and Clémentine slept.

La Belle Cordière looked at the girl she had wronged with a hopeless, aching grief. "This was the last time they could meet as friends—the last time," Louise was saying to herself,—the very last time," for in her rage she had taken care to spread abroad an account of M. de Chanrac's hopeless adoration of herself, and had succeeded in making him the laughing stock of Lyons.

On her finger she still wore Paul de Chanrac's ring. Her intention had been to mock Clémentine with it, if necessary; and, after, she had kept it on her finger to remind her of her wickedness.

As the sun was setting Clémentine awoke with a start: she looked about her with confused and troubled eyes, and snatching Louise's hand, held it fast.

"Paul, Paul!" she called, "you are there. It was only a bad dream—you are not faithless."

Then, as she realized where she was and recognised Louise, a hunted look came into her poor tired face. "I thought it was Paul's hand I held," she said wearily; "it must have been your ring," and her eyes mechanically sought Louise's hand.

With a terrible scream she flung La Belle Cordière's hand from her.

"It was you," she cried, starting to her feet, "YOU—YOU," and like a mad thing pushed through the bushes and was lost in the twilight.

Louise tore Paul de Chanrac's ring from her finger and dashed it to the ground.

BARRY THORNE.

Notes on Pianoforte Study.

WHEN one reflects how many thousands of young people of both sexes attempt to learn to play some musical instrument, usually the piano, it is surprising to find how few adult amateurs there are, comparatively speaking, whose playing is above mediocrity. Thousands of weary hours are spent in the practice of scales, exercises, and pieces, with the result that marriage in the case of one sex and business necessities in the case of the other put an end to the further culture of music. It is not so with other leisure-time pursuits. Take, for instance, the study of some branch of natural history. There are hundreds of amateur geologists, botanists, microscopists, entomologists, who have followed out their favourite pursuit from early life. It may be useful to consider for a brief space some of the causes which lead to the abandonment of pianoforte-playing when adult years are reached.

There can be no doubt that many pupils are put to learn the pianoforte who have not the least musical taste, ability, or aptitude whatever. Parents are much to blame for this. They place their children under a teacher without considering for a moment the immense amount of practice, energy, and brain-work required to achieve certain command of the instrument, and without endeavouring to discover what musical aptitude the intended pupils possess. A struggling teacher cannot afford to tell people that their children will merely be wasting their time, although men of good professional position can, and often do, refuse to take such pupils. In most cases, however, some measure of musical aptitude is not completely absent, but merely dormant and lacking development. Perhaps the intended pianoforte pupil would learn some other instrument with better prospect of success. The piano is the coldest of all solo instruments until considerable skill is attained, yet it is the most popular instrument with amateurs at the present time. Possibly some who practise the instrument, and finally abandon it and music altogether, would have become tolerable players of an orchestral instrument. It is well known what a lack of decent instrumentalists there is when an attempt is made to form an orchestral society in a provincial town. It is well worth while trying to ascertain what instrument is best adapted for the intended music student, instead of choosing the piano as a matter of course. One who can never become a good soloist may make a very useful member of an amateur orchestra, and we should have less piano-pounding and better orchestral societies—both very desirable results.

Then there is the class of young pupils who possess some inborn taste for music in general, and the piano in particular. It frequently happens that parents ignorant of music, and not overburdened with surplus income, choose the very cheapest teacher in their neighbourhood, possibly one of those young amateurs who, having passed some junior local examination, compete with and undersell professional teachers, although nearly as much in need of instruction as their pupils. Such amateur teachers work grievous harm. They utterly kill such small modicum of musical aptitude as their unfortunate pupils possess. In the latter respect they are well matched by the lower class of professionals. Continual grinding at scales and exercises, though necessary, is dull,

and when to this is added the practice of trashy pieces and the attainment of a slovenly execution in the attempt to produce as much "show" as possible in the shortest time, what wonder that when the pupil is old enough to follow his or her own bent the study of the pianoforte is discontinued?

Steady practice of technical figures, accompanied by an equally steady development of the taste, is the only true way to awaken an enduring love for the pianoforte, or for any other solo instrument. The requirements of modern technique are tremendous, and often at the best Conservatoires lead to a complete deadening of musical taste. Every one has met the well-trained professor, who, with brilliant and accurate execution, is unable to infuse warmth of expression into his performance. The same thing happens with the enthusiastic amateur. His attempts to extend his technical powers exceed the growth of his musical insight and taste. He forgets that it is better to play a piece of moderate difficulty with proper rendering of the meaning of the music, than to play a piece of twice the difficulty in a machine-like manner.

A pianist is usually judged by his execution. If he is brilliant, all other omissions are unnoticed; if he occasionally contrasts *pp* with *ff*, people are charmed with his expression. All those delicate accents, nuances, almost unnoticeable shadings, which go to make up a faultless performance, are "caviare to the general." The ambitious amateur imitates the showy professional, and plays such brilliant pieces as he can master. It is as though the capacity of gabbling five thousand polysyllabic words in an extraordinarily short time were preferred to the power of reciting a lyrical masterpiece with appropriate elocution. If the public could be brought to understand how much better it is to play a musical gem of moderate difficulty with finish, delicacy, and refined feeling, than to play a showy fantasia with defective technique, or even a Beethoven sonata with cast-iron precision of execution and equally cast-iron lack of expression, there would be some hope of better things. Amateurs who continue the culture of music as a leisure-time pursuit in after-life are usually those who have had sufficient inborn taste to overcome the obstacles which ignorance and incompetency have placed in their way, or who have been fortunate enough to meet with a tutor whose heart was in his profession, and who himself possessed, and was able to impart and develop, true musical feeling. If students would only realize that good execution is, except for the specially gifted, only to be slowly attained, and that the development of taste and expression should go hand in hand with the laying of a sound technical basis, we should have more genuine music and less strumming in domestic circles; and music culture would be continued into after-life with pleasure and profit. The amateur can never compete with the professional as an executant, but he may do so in insight and delicate feeling.

DR. HOPKINS and Mr. Barclay Squire are editing a new volume of Purcell's organ and harpsichord music for the complete edition of the composer's works now in course of publication by the Purcell Society. As there is reason to believe that some of Purcell's music is in private hands, the editors would be extremely grateful for the loan of MSS. or for permission to copy compositions to be included in the volume they are preparing. Communications should be addressed to Mr. Barclay Squire at the British Museum.

How Langham Place was Had.

WHEN Langham Place reached London he had a wife and no great possessions. He regarded neither the presence of the one or the absence of the other as a disadvantage. He hoped by playing the organ, teaching, and his compositions, to earn shelter and his daily bread. The teaching came slowly, and at first the organ-playing not at all. Wherefore he bethought himself of the compositions. He picked out his best six songs and sent them unto many publishers; but lo! they were long in coming back, yet always came back, either with or without the publisher's compliments, and ever with a refusal to publish. In the end he tired of the game, and printed the songs at his own expense. The publisher, in whose hands he left the matter, took his money, printed the songs, and laid them on a shelf, thinking thereafter no more about them; and as Place had no friends to sing them, or to "puff" them in the friendly periodicals, the musical world wagged on merrily as before.

After a time he secured a church, and performed oratorios there on week-nights, after the manner of the more foolishly enthusiastic of his kind. Accidentally he lighted on a lovely little mass by an early Italian whom I will call, for obvious reasons, Pergolina, which is not the true name. This mass was scored in the quaintest fashion. There was a bass part, figured for the harpsichordist, and generally there was a first violin part. Sometimes also there was a second violin part, and on rare occasions a part for the viola, and this last was a greater nuisance than the rest. For they all wandered about as independently of one another as a "party" of Anarchists, and created nearly the same mischief; but the viola, when not acting thus, got in octaves with the bass and ran up toward the skies, breaking his skull against the upper parts, or treading on their corns, until Langham Place, when rehearsing the work, cursed the day that the viola was invented. Naturally enough the mass sounded abominably, though it was always spoken of by eminent critics, who had perhaps never heard a note of it, or even seen the score, as a masterpiece.

After making sundry alterations in the score, Place decided, solely for his own pleasure, to score the work entirely afresh. He argued thus. Old Pergolina wrote this thing in a great hurry on his death-bed for some monks who had paid in advance and might damage his future prospects if he died leaving the contract uncompleted. His intentions are noble—their very nobility indeed makes his failure to wholly realise them the more evident; and if I, without altering one of his harmonies, arrange the instrumental parts as he might have arranged them if he were permitted to come into the room now, then shall I be doing him and all that listen to his music a kindness. Thus Place argued; and he remembered moreover that the original manuscript was lost, and that possibly the mass had been "touched up" centuries ago by something less than a master-hand. So in the end without compunction he made the fine work hearable; and though the audience of railway shunters, buttermen, and milkmen, who filled the church when it was performed, hardly appreciated it, and would have preferred some of Gaul's or Mr. Ernest Winchester's productions, Place was satisfied.

Now Place had a friend, Mr. James by name, who was well acquainted with many eminent musicians. He was a critic, and, there is reason to believe, a lineal descendant of the James who played a prominent part in that 18th century idyll, *A Squeezed Orange*. He was not, however, a great money grabber; but he wished to pose as a friend of the rising generation. Wherefore when he learnt of the mass he, according to his invariable custom, urged on Place the advisability of "making himself known" by publishing it. Langham rather cried off. His business faculty had been ground to a fairly sharp edge by his dealings with the publishers. It was borne in upon him that these gentry, unwilling though they were to so much as glance at his original compositions, might readily enough snatch at his score of Pergolina's Mass, forgetting either to pay him for his labour or to acknowledge such ingenuity as he had shown. But James assured him there was no fear. The publishers, he said, were honourable men. And as he was in the pay of a publishing firm, and edited a circular issued by them in the disguise of a musical periodical, Place thought he ought to know.

To say the truth, James did know—no one better. But he really intended to do for Place what is called "a good turn," and thought he could for once override the cupidity of Messrs. Snatchem & Eatem, his masters. However, things had been arranged otherwise, to his dismay: the very means he devised for Place's welfare were Place's and his own undoing. It chanced in this wise. He said to Place,—

"If you merely send in your score to Messrs. Snatchem & Eatem it will never be looked at; so let me advise you to go with it and an introductory letter to Mr. Eminent Kounduckter, who will be sure to approve of it. He has great influence with Messrs. Snatchem & Eatem, and a word from him will ensure the publication of your score!"

"And what about terms?" asked Place.

"Ahem! Well, do you know, I wouldn't press the matter of terms. Messrs. Snatchem & Eatem are not illiberal; and, anyhow, to get this thing out will do you a vast deal of good in the way of reputation, and the next thing you send out will be at your own price."

Place weighed this counsel, and it seemed not wanting. So he went with the score and the letter to Mr. Eminent Kounduckter.

Now James's notion was that his firm would hardly dare to "snatch" a work which had gone through the hands of Mr. Eminent Kounduckter. Nor would they; but he had reckoned without one party to the transaction. Kounduckter looked at the work, which he had never seen or heard of before, and he "approved" it, for James's dear sake, to whom he greatly owed for many unexpected "puffs." Then, when Langham Place had gone away, it struck him that he had missed a chance. Lately the press had hinted that his reputation had not been fairly earned; that his knowledge was not all he pretended; that, in short, there was a fair percentage of humbug in the recipe from which he had been made up. If he "discovered" this beautiful work, showed that the many critics who had written about it could hardly have looked at it, "edited" it, and issued a "performing" score also, with the original version—why then, the voice of the cavillers would be for ever silenced. He raged for a moment, then suddenly grew calm, and lit a cigarette.

As he expected, in a few days Messrs. Snatchem & Eatem sent him the score to look at, for he had refrained from sending them a letter as he had promised, Place. And the days went past and still Langham Place

heard no more of his score. When he wrote to Messrs. Snatchem & Eatem they did not reply; when he called the principal was unfortunately unable to see him. James, too, avoided him, though he was sorry to have to do it. It was a question, however, of throwing over Kounduckter and possibly Snatchem & Eatem, and therefore his living, or, on the other hand, Langham Place. He did not hesitate for a moment. Honour was a word he could hardly spell.

Place had made up his mind that James and Snatchem & Eatem together had done him—how he couldn't exactly tell. For the mass was never published and only their behaviour gave him reason to suspect them. Ultimately he nearly forgot all about the business. Pupils were coming in, and his organ salary was slightly increased, and he was what is termed "getting on" in the world. Sometimes he had as much as half a sovereign to spend on music at one time; and though he missed the sea and the bent grass, and the smell of the seaweed, and the crunch of the sand, yet his greater independence compensated, or more than compensated for these things, and he was happy as before, or happier.

On one of these memorable occasions when he had the above-mentioned coin of the realm to spare he called at Messrs. Snatchem & Eatem's establishment for music, according as he was wont. For they had a monopoly of one "line" of publishing, and though Place loved them not he had the option of buying there or not at all. On this day he had asked for what he wanted, and was waiting for it to be brought, when a folio score caught his eye. Was it? No. Yes, it was! It was his score of Pergolina's Mass. Hastily he thought ran through his delighted mind that the publishers, when they decided to issue his score must have forgotten to write him of their intentions. He glanced at the price: it was half-a-guinea. Instantly he told the shopman that instead of what he sent for he would take Pergolina's Mass, and when it was wrapped up he ran all the way home with it.

Young Mrs. Langham Place was as overjoyed as her husband, and she said—

"What a pity you bought a copy—for look, they've sent you one; and here's a letter from them will very likely have a cheque!"

Langham took hold of the parcel, and a cold shiver ran down his spine. It was the "feel" of bulky MS.—not of a hard-backed score. He opened it, and surely enough it was his manuscript. Then he remembered that they might not wish to keep the manuscript, and all might be well. He opened the letter and it ran:—

Oxford Street, London, W.
March 20, 1894.

Dear Sir,—

We regret that we are unable to accept your score for publication, and beg to return the manuscript with thanks.

Yours truly,

Snatchem & Eatem.

Then, without a word, Place opened the score he had just bought. The title page was:—

MASS IN C MINOR,

BY

B. PERGOLINA,

EDITED BY

EMINENT KOUNDUCKTER.

And a lengthy preface detailed the manner in which he had been led to make a study of the work and finally to rescore it. This edition, he hoped, would make "this beautiful work as popular as it deserves, which was my only object in undertaking it."

How I learnt the Mandoline.

I HAVE always been considered a musical girl, and ever since the nursery-governess gave me my first lesson I have been singled out as the genius of the family. Till recently, however, my aspirations did not soar beyond an acquaintance with the piano-forte and a slight knowledge of singing, which I made free use of for the entertainment of the small circle of friends which formed our "society." It was all through my brother Tom that I turned my attention to a new instrument. "I say, Sis," he said one day, bursting into the drawing-room in that impetuous way of his, "I say, why don't you learn the mandoline? It's a swaggy little instrument, and Poppin says it is quite easy. We could play duets, you know,—mandoline and guitar. Only fancy, how jolly it would be, and how the people would run after us. Beside," he went on, "think of Poppin. You know you admire him—now don't blush—and I can assure you he is dying to have you for a pupil. What do you say?"

What could I say? In spite of my heartless brother's injunction, I felt the colour rising to my cheeks, and left the room, with the all-important question unanswered.

Still I could not dismiss the matter altogether from my mind. Certainly it would be very nice to be able to play something beside the piano; everybody plays the piano nowadays. As for Mr. Poppin, of course what Tom said was all nonsense, although he really is a very agreeable young man.

It ended in my taking Tom's advice, and he came out handsomely by making me a present of a beautiful little mandoline.

"It's a real Italian," he remarked when he brought it home in a dainty case. "Poppin selected it himself, because he said there was nothing like a genuine Neapolitan instrument for tone."

Next day I received my first lesson. Mr. Poppin was kind enough to give me an exhibition of what can be done on the mandoline, and quite charmed me by his exquisite playing.

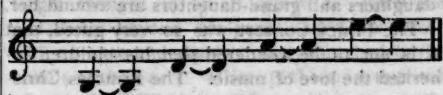
"I am so pleased that you have taken up this delightful instrument," he said; "it is one of the most graceful and artistic of its kind, and just now, when so many people are devoting themselves to the violin and the 'cello, which they will never learn to play, it is refreshing to find some one who will condescend to give a thought to a simple and unpretentious little instrument like the mandoline."

"I am glad you think it artistic," I answered. "Some of my musical friends have been comparing it with the—"

"Banjo," Mr. Poppin supplied the word. "Ah, well! Perhaps your friends know very little of either instrument. The poor banjo has much to answer for, I admit, and—but that's another story. Why, do you know, the great Mozart wrote for the mandoline, and Beethoven himself composed a piece expressly for his friend Krumpolz, who was a virtuoso on the instrument. Some day you shall learn that piece; it is very simple, but oh! so beautiful."

When I wished Mr. Poppin good-bye that afternoon, I had mastered the rudiments of my new instrument, which may be briefly summarised thus:—

The four double strings are tuned in fifths like the violin, to the following notes:—



In holding the mandoline, the neck of the instrument should rest in the hollow of the left hand, the fingers of which are used to stop the strings. The right hand is placed over the strings with the little finger resting on the body of the instrument, the plectrum being held with the thumb and first finger.

The frets which cross the finger-board, seventeen in number, indicate semitones. In stopping the strings, the fingers must be placed immediately above, and not actually upon, the frets.

I found the fingering of the mandoline comparatively simple; and the only thing which gave me any trouble in my first week's practice was the preparation of a little exercise consisting of repeated notes on an open string, the downward and upward strokes of the plectrum being used alternately.

Down Up D U D U



This I failed utterly to play with anything like facility. Mr. Poppin evidently anticipated the difficulty, for I had scarcely commenced my second lesson when he stopped me.

"Ah!" he said, "you have never trained your wrist. It must be quite free before you can hope to play the mandoline. Practise these bars many, many times, keeping the arm quite stationary and getting all the necessary action from the wrist-joint."

With this exception, my good-natured teacher gave me little drudgery. I practised scales in various keys, which, with the help of the frets, gave me no trouble, and before long my brother's prophecy was fulfilled, and we were playing simple duets, Tom being a really creditable performer upon the guitar, which, with its lower compass, supplies an excellent accompaniment to the mandoline.

I soon realised the necessity of the wrist action to which Mr. Poppin attached so much importance, as without it it is impossible to obtain the *tremolo* which is used for all sustained notes upon the mandoline.

Two things which specially struck me in Mr. Poppin's playing were the clearness of his phrasing, and the variety of tone he was able to produce. I spoke of this one day, and remarked that my own performances were tame and colourless.

"That need not be!" he replied. "The mandoline is an instrument capable of great expression. You must be careful to play all accented notes with a down stroke of the plectrum, and with a strong touch. In the case of a group of two, three, or four slurred notes occurring on different strings, a good effect is obtained by striking the first note and allowing the plectrum to glide smoothly over the strings to the other notes, without again striking. To play loudly, hold the plectrum very firmly and strike the strings between the rosette and the bridge; in soft passages hold the plectrum lightly, and strike *above* the rosette, at the end of the finger-board."

This was clear enough, and with a little care and perseverance my playing rapidly improved in this respect. The rest was simply a matter of practice. In three or four months from the time I commenced lessons I was able to play

tolerably well in the first position. The higher positions were a little puzzling to begin with, but here again my teacher prescribed scale-practice, this time through the entire range of the instrument, and I soon became accustomed to the use of the upper frets.

I now had at my command a compass of more than three octaves, and Mr. Poppin gave me some delightful pieces to study, amongst them being Beethoven's "Sonatina," already referred to, which proved to be a sweet little composition in C minor, with a graceful pianoforte accompaniment. I also learnt to play the obligato to Mozart's serenade "Deh Vieni," from *Don Giovanni*, an excellent staccato study, and very effective with the voice.

"We shall find the choice of music a matter of some difficulty, I'm afraid," said my teacher. "Much of that which is published nowadays is utterly unfit for the instrument,—a great deal too noisy, and not unfrequently vulgar. The mandoline is essentially a romantic instrument—a suitable exponent of the graceful-melodies of Italy and the languid love-ditties of Spain. It should only be used for music of a romantic character."

Marches and fiery variations Mr. Poppin would have none of, my repertoire, beside the pieces I have mentioned, consisting chiefly of the compositions of Bertucci, Varizio, and Giardino, together with arrangements by my master himself and one or two duets. The pleasure I have found in the study of these pieces has been very great, and now my beautiful little mandoline has become my most constant companion.

My lessons have ceased, but I occasionally see Mr. Poppin, and have good reason to agree with that irrepressible brother of mine, that "he is quite the nicest fellow I ever met."

The Musical Instruments and General Trading Company.

SOME time since the name of Mr. Ellis Parr was well known amongst instrument makers, and his pianos were equally well known to the general public. Mr. Parr, however, thought fit some five years ago to withdraw the light of his countenance from us, and he went, I believe, upon the Stock Exchange. Now he has returned to his first love, and the above company has been formed to push forward his many musical projects. I have yet to learn the full extent of these; but in the meantime it may be remarked that the sale of the Ellis Parr pianos alone must occupy a great portion of the company's attention. These instruments are remarkable for beauty of tone and perfect touch, and one of their many claims to distinction consists in a device to throw the strain of the string from the wrestpin upon a steel bridge. This bridge is placed—horizontally, of course—a few inches from the top of the sound-board, and exactly at an angle formed where the upper portion of the sound-board falls back. It is difficult for a lay mind, like mine, to explain what is meant without illustrations, and these shall be given in a future number. Meantime, I can quite see that the arrangement must allow the piano to remain in tune much longer than the usual time. I trust Mr. Parr's new venture will meet with the success it deserves.

Music amongst Royalty.

By MARIE WURM.

It is a generally surmised fact that whenever a member of Royalty enters into publicity with his or her musical talent, a very lenient criticism is passed on the performance; probably because the performance is always connected with some charity affair, and so the real critics are silent, and the public admires only.

But speaking from a critical point of view, there are indeed several real and true artists amongst Royalty who would have made their mark in the musical world had their destiny been different. As a matter of course nearly all the members of Royalty have the best chances afforded them of hearing *only the best* in music, of gathering only the very first-class artists around them, and of taking lessons only of the best of masters.

Therefore every facility is offered them to become experts; but they have one drawback to battle with, and that is, not enough time to devote to practice and study.

They hear so much good music that they become in time very severe critics, and not at all easy to please. Therefore it is all the more honour if an artist is really appreciated by a musical member of Royalty. I do not mean here that the fact of being permitted to play once before Royalty is a proof of appreciation. I have found that no one possesses such a good memory as a member of Royalty, and whatever some curious people say against Royal favours, I have always found that changeability was not one of their faults. Perhaps I have been more lucky than others.

As far as the cultivation of musical talent amongst Royalty goes, a reigning sovereign cannot possibly find time to sit at the piano for hours every day, nor can a princess devote much time during the year to practice, however much she may wish to.

I have found the most talented members of Royalty also the most reticent and shy in performing before others, even if they played well.

Amongst the Royalties whom I hold to be one of the most musical, I must name His Majesty the King of Saxony. I remember well the afternoon I was presented to the king three years ago whilst on a visit to Her Royal Highness the hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. The princess and myself played a duet for two pianos, the king graciously turning over the leaves for me. I was afterwards asked to perform alone, and I must confess I was astonished to find that His Majesty knew every single piece I played, and I played not only Schumann, but Henselt, Hiller, and also other less known composers' works.

The king is much interested in his fine opera at Dresden, and is very proud of the beautiful singing in the Dom there; but I should never have believed His Majesty to have been able to identify studies of Chopin's and such-like pianoforte music.

I was even still more astonished a few months ago, on again having the honour of meeting the king, to find that His Majesty had not only remembered my playing, but also remembered *what* I had played.

Only a musician could possibly have remembered, because I do not flatter myself that my playing made so much impression.

How very much music is cultivated amongst royalty in England is already well known. Our Queen loves to hear music of an evening when her

daughters and grand-daughters are around her.

The Prince Consort was so very gifted, that it is not to be wondered that his children inherited the love of music. The Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and especially the Duke of Coburg, are passionately fond of music.

Our Princess Royal, the Empress Frederick of Prussia, has inherited a great deal of her illustrious parent's talent. I have seen many an exquisite oil-painting from Her Majesty's brush, and have had several opportunities of judging for myself what an excellent musician she is. I have not had an opportunity, though, of actually hearing the Empress play, but, judging by what Her Imperial Majesty condescended to tell me about the many pieces I was asked to play to her, I fancy her execution must have been wonderfully good too.

Of the Empress Frederick's children, the Emperor of Germany has just composed a "Sang au Aegid," which, I fancy, is a choral work, arranged and orchestrated by Prof. A. Becker. Prince Henry of Prussia has written several lively marches, which are often played by the royal marine bands at Kiel.

The Empress's youngest daughter, the Princess Margaret, now the Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse-Cassel, has spent many an earnest hour at the piano. One morning as I happened to be at the palace in Berlin at 10 o'clock, I heard the piano going in Her Royal Highness's room, and found on entering that the Princess was in her riding habit, only waiting for her horse, but yet anxious to use every spare minute of the day for practice. As I was at that time (now three years ago) her musical instructor, it gave me great satisfaction to find that I had so industrious a pupil, albeit a Princess.

Her husband is a great lover of Bach's music, and revels in all Scarlatti's and Handel's works. His brother is the blind Landgraf Prince Alexander of Hesse, who, it may be remembered, was, several years ago, an inmate of Dr. Campbell's College for the Blind at Upper Norwood.

The Prince played the violin rather well already at that time, and once performed at the Crystal Palace when the College gave one of their annual concerts. I am told he plays exceedingly well now.

The most musical and otherwise highly gifted member of Royalty it has as yet been my fate to have met, is however the eldest daughter of the Empress Frederick . . . I mean the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. Most modest and retiring in the outward show of her talents, it is but known to very few privileged people that Her Royal Highness writes quite exquisite poetry which show a depth of feeling and a very warm nature, combined with a certain facility of expressing exactly what she feels. Music has always had a special language for the Princess, as she herself told me. That it is a special pleasure to have Her Royal Highness as an audience, not only I, but the great Liszt thought too, and it is one of the most delightful recollections of the Princess, when she relates how he used to play for her alone.

The Princess plays exceedingly well, and reads especially well at sight. To read off the second piano part arranged from the orchestral score of a difficult Pianoforte Concerto at first sight is no easy task, and yet Her Royal Highness has many a time given me the opportunity of judging her playing by playing with me. She is a staunch admirer of Wagner. I think I am not mistaken in saying that Her Royal Highness has heard all the performances at Bayreuth for the last seven or eight years, excepting those this year, when only ill-health prevented her being present.

The Princess Charlotte married the eldest son of the present Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. The Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen is also highly gifted; he has read an immense deal, and is eloquent almost on any subject. He has also a great gift for music, and played me some very original music of his own composition, which he had written to a Greek play. He reads manuscript music wonderfully well too, which I found out a few weeks ago when he kindly turned over the leaves for me of my own manuscript score of my Pianoforte Concerto, which I must own was not even written very clearly.

Music and Dramatic Art hold a very high place in the Ducal family of Saxe-Meiningen. That the orchestra at Meiningen under Von Bülow's bâton rose to such excellence, is too well known to receive any comment. Bülow is no more, but the excellence of the orchestra there has not diminished, and the very first artists, such as Brahms and Joachim, delight in appearing at Meiningen.

The Coming Manchester Concert Season.

SIR CHARLES HALLÉ is, as usual, issuing a prospectus which will at once commend itself to both the older lover of music and the young student. Of the choral works to be given during the season there are *The Messiah*, *Judas Maccabæus*, *The Creation*, *Elijah*, *The Golden Legend*, *The Walpurgis Night*, in addition to selections from *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. The following will be given for the first time:—*Samson and Delilah*, *The Desert*, and *The Lay of the Poppies*. The list of vocalists engaged is a good one, and by arrangement and special request Madame Lemmens-Sherrington will appear for the first time for many years in *The Creation*. In addition to Lady Hallé, Dr. Joachim and Mr. Willy Hess will be heard. Lovers of pianoforte performances will have opportunities of hearing Paderewski and Leonard Borwick, as well as Sir Charles Hallé. The well-known violoncellist Mr. Hugo Becker will also perform during the season. Altogether twenty concerts will be given.

Messrs. Harrison, of Birmingham, intend giving a series of four concerts in Manchester, the first of which takes place on November 5. At this concert Madame Patti will sing, and during the remainder of the season some of the best available vocalists and instrumentalists will be heard.

The number of concerts given by Mr. Barrett will this season be fewer than usual, the whole series of which will hardly reach double figures. The first concert will take place on Saturday, October 13, when Miss Zélie de Lussan, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and others will give scenes from *Pagliacci* and *Daughter of the Regiment*.

Mr. G. W. Lane is again early in the field; and his programme is, as usual, a most select and judicious one. The series consists of four orchestral and miscellaneous concerts, the first of which will take place on Wednesday, October 24. Madame Trebelli will appear at this concert. The first part of the programme consists of Cowen's *St. John's Eve*, in four scenes. During the second part will be given Eaton Faning's scena "Liberty" and the same composer's setting of Longfellow's poem "Day-break," as well as Mascagni's masterpiece, "The Church Scene," and the "Easter Hymn" from "Rustic Chivalry." The Manchester Philharmonic Society of three hundred voices will sing the choral work throughout the season. For the second concert *The Messiah* is to be given, whilst the third, on January 30, 1895, is announced as a grand conversation, concert, and entertainment. At the fourth and last concert on March 9, Mr. Lane takes his annual benefit.

On a less pretentious scale, Mr. J. A. Cross at the Association Hall continues his series of concerts. The season will consist of twenty-three concerts, the first taking place on Saturday, October 20.

W. K. M.

Composers and Poets.

THOUGHTFUL musicians who know their poets as well as they know the rules of their art must have frequently been struck with the notion of counterpoints among poets and musicians. Bach and Milton, Beethoven and Shakespeare, Mozart and Spenser, Schubert and Moore, Schumann and Shelley, Mendelssohn and Longfellow, Chopin and Tennyson, Liszt and Byron, Wagner and Victor Hugo—these are some of the pairs that suggest themselves, and no doubt the list might be extended as well as varied by different individuals. The subject has received something like systematic treatment for the first time by a writer in the American *Etude*; and our purpose here will be to give a synopsis of his views. Sir John Stainer has lately advised the executive musician to make a special study of the best poetry, in order to get some more romance and feeling into his life. If he follows the advice on the lines now to be laid down, by "pairing" his poets and musicians, the result may be some practical good and some much-needed literary culture.

The analogy between Bach and Milton has, curiously enough, just been pointed out by Canon Shuttleworth in the current number of a home magazine. In this case the poet and the musician correspond exactly. They have each a strong leaning towards the religious and the ecclesiastical. Both have a disdain of mere sentiment, and what may be called the softer graces, and both have a marked fondness for works of large dimensions and serious import. There is a strong religious element in the personality of both; and as to their style, it is in each case severe, involved, lengthy, sonorous, and dignified. Because of all this, then, we say that Bach and Milton occupy a corresponding position as veteran classics in their respective arts. And the cynic will no doubt add that they correspond in another particular—namely, that they are both too "heavy" and out of date to be appreciated by a generation that lives on comic opera and bookstall literature!

The agreement between Beethoven and Shakespeare is almost too obvious for remark. They are the twin giants of music and literature in their colossal and comprehensive powers, in the breadth and universality of their genius, and in the verdict of absolute superiority unanimously accorded them. They are like the pyramids of Egypt—they overtop all altitudes, cover more area, and present a more enduring front to the corroding effects of time than aught else the world has known.

Mozart and Spenser resemble each other in their quaint and classic, yet native and sunshiny style, their abundance, almost excess of fancy, and their fondness for supernatural, though, for the most part, non-religious and non-mythological scenes, incidents and characters. Also in their habit of treating startling situations and nominally grievous catastrophes without exciting any very profound subjective emotions in reader and hearer. Not that they are flippant or superficial in character; but with them art was somewhat removed from humanity. With Spenser, literature was not life, and with Mozart music was not emotion. Those who enjoy poetry and music, rather than feel it, love it, or learn from it, are always partial to Spenser and Mozart.

No artistic affinity is more marked than that of Schubert and Moore. They were both pre-eminently song-writers. Both had a gift of spontaneous, happy, graceful development of a

single thought in small compass. Both are melodious beyond compare, and both wrote with an ease and rapidity rarely matched in the annals of their arts. Moore is the most musical of poets, and Schubert perhaps the most poetic of musicians.

Shelley has been called the poet's poet, and Schumann might as aptly be termed the musician's composer; because the subtle, fanciful, subjective character, and the metaphysical tendency of the works of both require the keen insight and the fertile imagination of the artistic temperament to follow them in all their flights, and catch the full significance of their suggestions.

With both the instinct for form is weak, and the constructive faculty almost wanting. Ideas and figures are fine, profound and astute, but there is a lack of lucidity, brevity and force, as well as of logical development, in their expression. A few bits of melody by Schumann, such as the *Traumerei* and an occasional brief lyric by Shelley, like *The Skylark*, have become well known and popular; but their works in the main are likely to be the last ever written to catch the public ear. They appeal the more strongly to the inner circle of initiates who are familiar spirits in the mystical realm whose language they speak. Where Shelley is the favourite poet, and Schumann the favourite composer, an unusually active fancy and subtle intellect are sure to be found.

Mendelssohn and Longfellow are alike in almost every feature. Both are in temperament objective and optimistic. Both are graceful, fluent, melodious, tender and thoughtful, without being ever strongly impassioned or really dramatic. Both display superior and well-disciplined powers, nobility of sentiment, and ease and grace of manner. Perfect gentlemen and polished scholars, both avoid all radical and reformatory tendencies to such an extent as to lend a shade of conventionality to their artistic personality, as compared with the extreme romanticists of their day. Both have reached the public ear and heart as no other talent of equal magnitude has ever done. Many of the ballads, narrative poems and shorter pieces by Longfellow, and the *Lieder ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn, have become so familiar as to be almost hackneyed, even with the non-poetic and non-musical populace.

And Chopin? Chopin is beyond dispute the Tennyson of the piano. The same depth, warmth and delicacy of feeling vitalize every line; the same polish, fineness of detail and symmetry of form; the same exquisitely refined, yet by no means effeminate, temperament are seen in both. Each shows us fervent passion, beyond the ken of common men, without a touch of brutality; intense and vehement emotion, with never a hint of violence in its betrayal, expressed in dainty rhythmic numbers as polished and symmetrical as if that symmetry and polish were their only *raison d'être*. This similar trait leads often to a similar mistake in regard to both. Superficial observers, fixing their attention on the pre-eminent delicacy, tenderness, elegance and grace of their manner and matter, regard them as exponents of these qualities merely, and deny them broader, stronger, sterner characteristics. Never was a greater wrong done to true art. No poet and no composer is more profound, passionate and intense than Tennyson and Chopin, and none so rarely pens a line that is devoid of genuine feeling as its legitimate origin. But the artist in each stood with quiet finger on the riotous pulses of emotion and forbade all utterance that was crude, chaotic and uncouth. Both had the heart of fire and tongue of gold. Tennyson wrote the model lyrics of his language, and Chopin the

model lyrics of his instrument for all posterity.

Liszt and Byron were kindred spirits, both as men and artists. They flashed like meteors or comets among a host of serene stars and planets, and through an erratic career reached a height of fame and popularity attained during his lifetime by no other poet and musician. Brilliance of style and character, haughty independence, impetuous passion, a matchless splendour of genius, a supreme contempt for the weaknesses of lesser mortals, combined with the warmest admiration for their peers, are the distinguishing attributes of both. Byron's devoted friendship for Moore and Shelley corresponds exactly to Liszt's feeling for Chopin and Wagner. Liszt himself recognised this affinity between himself and Byron. The English poet was for many years his model and favourite author; many of his scenes and poems he translated into tones, and his influence is marked in most of his earlier compositions. The works of both are remarkable for a fire and fury almost demonic, alternating with a light and flippant grace, almost impish. Both understood a climax as few others have done, and both had the dramatic element strongly developed. Both were lawless and dissolute, according to the world's verdict, yet scrupulous and refined to an extreme in certain respects. Each scandalized the world, repaid its censure with scorn, and saw it at his feet; and each left, like a meteor, a track of fire behind him, which still burns with a red and vivid, if not the purest, lustre.

Wagner and Victor Hugo have created more stir and ferment in the world of art and letters than any other writers, contemporary or previous. They resemble each other in the pronounced originality of their genius, their virile energy and productivity, and their colossal force. Of both, the rare and singular fact is true, that their productions all attain about the same level of merit. Most authors and most composers are known by one or a few sublime creations. I know of no others who have written an equal number of great works and none that are mediocre or feeble. They are also alike in the circumstance that, while each has done fine work in a number of other departments, it is the dramatic element which forms the strongest feature of their artistic personality. Few French novels can compare with those of Victor Hugo; but it is the powers of the dramatist displayed in the plot, striking situations and characters, which constitute their chief merit; and in his writings for the stage he has far surpassed all that he has done as a novelist.

Likewise, while Wagner's orchestral works would alone have made him a reputation, it is by his operas that he has made his fame. Both he and Victor Hugo had a sense of the dramatic and a mastery of its effects not even approached by any other artist. They bear, furthermore, a strong resemblance in their revolutionary character and tendencies. Both were born pioneers, innovators, reformers. Both headed a revolt against the reigning sovereigns and the established government of their respective arts.

Both have been followed by a host of disciples, belligerent and radical beyond all that the annals of music and literature can show. They were like two powerful battering rams, attacking the bulwarks of classic prejudice and conventionality. The revolution which Wagner brought about in opera was exactly matched by Hugo with the drama. His "*Hernani*" was as great a shock to the established precedents of the stage as was Wagner's *Nibelungen*. Lastly, both display the unusual phenomenon of retaining their creative power into extreme old age, and both died when life and art and fame were fully ripe, with the eyes of the world upon them and their names on every tongue.

Mr. Dan Godfrey, Junr.'s New Military Band.

AMONG the many fashionable watering-places of England, Bournemouth stands in the front rank of popularity. The lovely gardens watered by the tiny stream of the Bourne, the delightful cliff promenades, and the incomparable pine-woods, are features which no other town can boast of, and attract every year larger and larger numbers of holiday-seekers. To the natural charms of this beautiful town, the local authorities have added the attraction of music of the best kind. Last year an arrangement was made with Mr. Dan Godfrey, Junr., to provide a band which should play for the entertainment of visitors and residents, upon the pier and in the newly-opened Winter Gardens. This arrangement proved to be a highly satisfactory one, and Mr. Godfrey has now accepted the post of permanent musical director and adviser to the Corporation.

I was standing the other day with Mr. Godfrey in the shade of the trees of the Winter Gardens, and was complimenting him upon an admirable concert to which I had just listened.

"Your band is better than ever," I remarked. "Last summer it was good—quite unusually good, but this year it is *the band par excellence*."

"Yes," replied Mr. Godfrey; "now that I have a permanent engagement, and everything is left in my hands, I am able to secure the very best players. My men are selected from the finest bands in England,—the Grenadiers, the Royal Horse Guards, the Royal Marine Artillery, the London Military Band, and others. My solo-cornet player, Mr. Loveday, who also acts as deputy-conductor, was for many years Trumpet Major of the Horse Guards, under my uncle Charles; and Mr. Evans, who leads the string section, and is a useful clarionet player besides, is an Associate of Trinity College, London, and a pupil of Mr. Carrodus. Here is a list of the entire band. You will see they are all experienced and reliable men."

I remarked upon their being almost exclusively English players.

"With one exception, I believe," said Mr. Godfrey. "I naturally like to engage my own countrymen, but in this case I was particularly anxious to secure a thoroughly competent artist, and was obliged to fall back upon a member of the Royal Italian Opera Band—a young man who came to England to fulfil an engagement with Sir Augustus Harris."

"Your time seems to be pretty well occupied," I remarked.

"We play daily upon the Pier from twelve till one, and here in the Winter Gardens from half-past three till five. Every evening, excepting Wednesdays and Saturdays, the band divides into two sections, one section, under Mr. Loveday, playing on the Pier, the other forming a string orchestra in the Pavilion, which I conduct myself. On Wednesday and Saturday evenings the entire band plays in the Winter Gardens, when popular programmes are provided. In order to meet the tastes of the people in this respect, I have introduced a plan by which the chief items of a Saturday evening performance are selected the previous week by the votes of the audience."

"Speaking generally, what class of music do you play?" I inquired.

"Well, of course, our selections vary considerably," answered Mr. Godfrey, "but our usual level is, I consider, higher than that of most military bands. For instance, we play the symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schu-

bert, and some of the best works of Greig, Rubinstein, Mackenzie, and other similar composers. On Thursday afternoons we give an entirely classical concert, which is always well patronised, although the directors were rather afraid of the idea at first."

Mr. Godfrey was good enough to give me a programme of one of these classical concerts, of which the following is a copy:—

1. Imperial March Sullivan.
2. Overture, "Der Freischütz" Weber.
3. Ballet Music, "Colomba" A. C. Mackenzie.
- Presto, Rustic March, Saltarello.
4. Euphonium Solo, "Nazareth" Gounod.
- Mr. W. Bartlett.
5. Unfinished Symphony Schubert.
- Allegro moderato, andante con moto.
6. Spanish Dance from "L'Arlesienne" Bizet.
7. Selection, "Il Seraglio" Mozart.

"You will scarcely credit it," said Mr. Godfrey, "when I tell you that one of the most popular things we play is the *Peer Gynt* Suite (No. 1), the last movement of which is invariably encored."

In reply to a question concerning the string band, Mr. Godfrey told me that it numbered twelve, each one being a competent solo player.

"Our repertoire," he said, "is a large one, and includes classical works, as well as operatic selections and other pieces of a light character. We also frequently play the string quartets of Mendelssohn, Raff, Rheinberger, etc., and Beethoven's pianoforte trios."

"What are your arrangements for the winter?" I asked.

Mr. Godfrey looked serious.

"I have to turn my hand to choral business then," he replied. "Of course there will be no open-air playing after October, so the band will be reduced in number for three months, and I have undertaken to form a society for the performance of oratorios and works of that class. This society should be a success, for choral music is not overdone in Bournemouth."

"Have you any definite scheme for this branch of your work?"

"As yet, I have not had time to prepare one. I think, however, I shall try to give two great concerts, and it is not at all unlikely that the works performed will be Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and Gounod's *Faust*—the latter, of course, in oratorio form."

Mr. Godfrey was busy, and I dared not detain him any longer. We said "Good-bye," and as I walked away, I determined to congratulate the first member of the Corporation I met upon being able to retain the services of Mr. Dan Godfrey and his fine band, and—to make it pay.

WALTER BARNETT.

Interview with Miss Mary G. Cadell.

BENEATH the shade of the "Tower of Saint Regulus," at St. Andrews, I had the pleasure of a chat with Miss Cadell. Few spots on earth are so favoured as St. Andrews. What with the old Cathedral and Castle on the cliffs, the golf links at the back, and the sea washing the cliffs and sandy knolls as far as the eye can see, one could not find a more charming place to "Interview" any one.

Miss Cadell, whose portrait accompanies this notice, had just returned from Paris, after studying for several months with Madame Hopckirk. Last spring and summer, and again this year, Miss Cadell has worked on the

Leschetizky Method with Madame Hopckirk, and although not perfectly certain that the Vienneise master's theories are in every respect finer than those of Liszt's, yet she has had great pleasure in learning both.

Miss Cadell was born in Edinburgh, and after leaving school "went in" for painting. Drawing and water-colour sketches were her great delight. At length the way was opened up for her to take up music seriously, and some six years ago she went to Weimar and studied under Herr Janneck. Leaving him she worked with Herr Götzes (the well known pupil of Liszt's) and Fayer (coach to Herr Stavenhagen), and at last with Bernard Stavenhagen himself. Three years of thorough teaching and careful practice left her a player of no mean parts.

To say that Miss Cadell was then a "great player" would not be the truth. I heard her play at a recital on February 1st, 1893, and although her playing was marked with wonderful power and finish, clearness of phrasing and a charming "touch," yet there was a decided lack of what is cantingly termed "soul." A certain want in the emotional side marred what would otherwise have been an almost perfect performance.

On the advice of some good friends Miss Cadell was persuaded to study the Leschetizky Method, and certainly Madame Hopckirk has enabled her distinguished pupil to learn the secret of rendering her pieces from within—not from without!

Miss Cadell is now fully qualified to take her place in the forefront of the pianists before the public to-day.

Unfortunately concert-managers have to pander to the taste of the masses by employing performers with foreign names. We have had proofs time after time, that a jaw-cracking name and first class powers as a player do not always go together, and yet people like Frederick Dawson and others blessed with a meek name have to stand aside while the immature German gets the engagements.

It is to be hoped that the day for this sad lack of artistic refinement is at an end, and that players like Miss Cadell will not find it very hard to get engagements.

It is with great hopes of her future that we recommend Miss Cadell to the watchful eyes of our readers.

S. FRASER HARRIS.

Music at Worthing.

THE Pier Pavilion has been made attractive this summer by the excellent playing of the Brothers Mansfield, of Leicester, and their band. They are well known in Leicester and at Matlock Bath. Mr. Mansfield, the leader, is a good and conscientious violinist, and Mr. J. W. Mansfield is a really gifted 'cellist. His skilful playing, rich, full tone, and unerring beauty of expression, have excited much interest in those who know what good playing is. They are well supported by the piano, contra basso, cornet, flute, and piccolo, and are by long practice thoroughly in accord. For six summers they have played at Matlock Bath. Their repertoire is above the average—consisting of works by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Gounod, Schubert, Auber, Rossini, Sullivan, Balfe, Thomas, Nicolai, and many others. An arrangement by Formes, of Kücken's beautiful air, "Good-night, farewell, etc.," was particularly noticeable for the tenderness and singing quality of Mr. J. W. Mansfield's playing. The other members of this excellent little band are Mr. W. Waddington (cornet), Mr. W. T. Armstrong (flute and piccolo), Mr. E. A. Gamble (contra-bass), and Mr. C. L. Burrows (pianoforte). Worthing is fortunate in the services of such good musicians, of whom we hope to hear more.

Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts

WE cannot do better than quote from the prospectus issued by the Manager of the Crystal Palace, previously remarking that there will be in all twenty concerts, the first ten of which will begin on October 13th and end before Christmas, while the season will be resumed on February 16th, 1895, and be continued until the end of April. Of course Mr. August Manns will conduct. The prospectus says:—

"THE Programme of the Thirty-ninth Series of Saturday Concerts will be constructed on the same principle that has governed these world-renowned Concerts from the outset, viz.: the presentation of Orchestral and Vocal compositions of various epochs and styles, a careful selection being made both from the classical masterpieces and from the most remarkable novelties of the day. The permanent Orchestral Band of the Company will, as usual, be reinforced on Saturdays by from forty-five to fifty-five of the most eminent London instrumentalists, and the efforts to raise the Crystal Palace Choir to the acknowledged high standard of efficiency of the Band will not be relaxed. The following Sketch Programmes of the Ten Concerts before Christmas are liable to slight alteration as circumstances may require.

The following Works will be performed for the first time at the Concerts before Christmas:

1. BERLIOZ: *Romeo and Juliet*, a Dramatic Symphony for Grand Orchestra, with Chorus and Vocal Solos. (See page 9 of Prospectus.)
2. D'ALBERT (Eugène): Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 2 in E, Op. 12.
3. DVORÁK: Symphony No. 5. (From the *New World*.)
4. GERMAN (E.): Suite from the Music to the Haymarket Drama, *The Tempter*.
5. GOLDBLUM: Overture to *Sappho*.
6. HANDEL: Air from the 12th Concerto Grosso. Bourrée from the 4th Oboe Concerto.
7. MACKENZIE (A. C.): (*Britannia*) a National Overture.
8. MASSENET: Meditation for Violin, Harp, Orchestra, and Chorus.
9. MOSZKOWSKI: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra.
10. MACPHERSON (Stewart): Idyll for Orchestra.
11. PRINGLE (Godfrey): Rhapsodie (Lo Zingara), for Baritone and Orchestra.
12. SAINT-SAËNS: Prelude to *The Deluge*.
13. SAURET (E.): Elégie et Rondo for Violin and Orchestra.
14. SGAMBATI: Andante Solennelle (Te Deum), for Orchestra and Organ.
15. SÖDERMAN, A.: *Tannhäuser*, Ballad for Baritone and Orchestra.
16. TCHAIKOWSKY: Symphonie Pathétique, No. 6 in B minor.
17. WALLACE (W.): Overture, 'In praise of Scottish Poesie.'

The artists engaged include many well-known names, amongst them those of Ella Russell, Marie Brema, Ben Davies, and Mr. Andrew Black.

Even more interesting will be the second half of the whole series of twenty. Thus on Saturday, February 16th, 1895, a Wagner "In Memoriam" Concert will be given; and at this the duel from the first act of *Die Walküre*, and the whole of the third act of *Die Meistersinger*, will be performed. At other concerts following a setting by Mr. R. H. Walthers of Browning's *Pied Piper of Hamelin*, for tenor and bass solo, chorus and orchestra; "Young Lochinvar" by Mr. A. D. Arnott, one of the inevitable Scotch ballads for chorus and orchestra that every young Scotchman has given us since Mr. Mc-

Cunnmade a hit with "Lord Ullin's Daughter"; and the whole of the second and third acts of the *Flying Dutchman* will be given. Amongst the artists are Dr. Joachim, Miss Emily Skinner, and Mr. Rosenthal. The latter is a pianist of whom great things have been written by his friends and relations, but we shall see. In concluding this brief summary we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration for Mr. Manns' surprising catholicity, enterprise, and enthusiasm.

The Organ World.

PRESSURE on our space compels us to hold over the greater portion of our organ matter until next issue, when a series of special articles will be commenced in this place.

An edition of Purcell's Organ and Harpsichord works, shortly to be published by the Purcell Society, will be a welcome addition to the organ desk. Mr. Barclay Squire (co-editor with Dr. Hopkins) appeals for the loan of any such MSS. as may be in private hands, to be addressed to him at the British Museum.

Mr. Edward Cutler devotes a column and a half of *The Musical Times* to proving—by the same inductive process which took Mr. Picklock Holes to Abyssinia—that Handel did, after all, play on the White-church organ. What does it matter?

That "deacon" again! From the *Musical Courier* we learn that at a church near "the hub of the universe" the music Committee felt it their duty to reprimand their organist as follows:—"We don't doubt," said the spokesman, "that you know your business, and can handle an organ; but to tell you the truth, we think—have thought for some time along back—that your pieces are too much like the opéry" (with the accent on the second syllable), "and seems to us that the House of the Lord ain't exactly the place for opéry music." "Do you mean that my selections are too operatic?" asked the amazed organist. "Wal, yes, that's about it. Now, for example, that solo Miss — sang last Sunday morning—way up, then way down—that's the kind of music we object to in the House of the Lord." "Last Sunday! Miss —'s solo!" replied the organist, thinking back. "But, my dear sirs, that was 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'" "Wal, we don't know anything about that; but what we'd like is some good hymn tunes. A good rousing opening piece like 'Hold the Fort' we don't object to; but the opéry music, as we said before, we don't feel satisfied with it."

I dropped by chance into St. Ethelburga's (Bishopgate) on the occasion of the Patronal festival, and heard a really good rendering of Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*. Mr. Clarence Thompson certainly handled his somewhat ancient "king of instruments" with much skill, and additional accompaniments were provided by a harp and string band, with telling effect.

The Catholic Jubilee Celebration at St. Mary's Cathedral, Newcastle, appears from all accounts to have been a brilliant function, and the effect of the singing of the united choirs (numbering 500 voices) at the Olympia particularly fine. I hear that as an outcome of the festival we are to have a union of Catholic choirs; but whether for the purpose of concerts or church festivals, does not appear. Let us hope it is the latter.

Again the poor organist lifts up his voice, and wails in the columns of a contemporary. This time it is on the two-fold theme of the amateur who prac-

tises on his organ to its detriment, and the amateur who plays at weddings; thus depriving him of his customary fee. He asks where the remedy lies, and is answered by half a column of circumlocution from the editor, which leaves matters simply *in statu quo*. My good friend, there is no remedy as long as the present law holds. So long as churchwardens provide the funds, and vicars are custodians of the fabric (organ included), so long must you expect them to lend organ keys to lady friends, who will kick your pedals askew, and blow your reeds to extinction, to their hearts' content.

M. ARTHUR POUJIN has in preparation a volume of Rossini's letters hitherto unpublished. These cannot fail to prove interesting.

WE hear that Rubinstein's sacred opera *Christus* will be performed next year at the Stadttheater at Bremen. Dr. Löwe, of Breslau, undertakes the management.

ACCORDING to the report of the Hungarian papers the one-act opera *Enoch Arden*, by Kapellmeister Rudolf Raimann, has achieved a brilliant success on its recent performance at Buda-Pesth.

THE music publisher Signora Giovannina Lucca, of Milan, has just died at the age of eighty-four. Wagner's popularity in Italy is in large measure owing to her energetic and undaunted exertions.

VIENNESE amateurs will have an opportunity of making acquaintance with the characteristics of English nautical music during the coming winter, as Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's *Britannia Overture* is to be performed at the Philharmonic Concerts in the Austrian capital under Herr Richter.

HERR BERNHARD STAVENHAGEN will make a tour of Great Britain and Ireland early in the new year. Middle Chaminade will revisit England for several engagements in November next, and she will also make a tour here next February. Herr David Popper has arranged to tour in the United Kingdom during November and December next, and will play at the Crystal Palace and Symphony Concerts. Mrs. Katharine L. Fisk, the American contralto, will arrive in England for a lengthened stay in October.

A REPORT reaches us from Italy that Signor Verdi has abandoned for the time the idea of composing an opera on the subject of "King Lear," and has selected instead the terrible story of "Ugolino" from Dante's "Inferno," which was treated—not, it is believed, successfully—by Vincenzo Galilei, one of the company of Italian artists and *litterateurs* who met at the house of Giovanni Bardi towards the close of the sixteenth century for the purpose of reviving the style of musical declamation practised in ancient Greece.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS & Co. announce a series of six subscription concerts, to take place at the Queen's Hall on November 1st and 15th, December 6th, February 7th, and March 7th and 21st next. The first part of each concert will consist of the works of one composer, the names being Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, Schubert, Schumann, Dr. Hubert Parry, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. Among the artists engaged are Messrs. W. Nicholl, Adolf Brouil, Otto Peiniger, Septimus Webbe, Charles Manners, and Arthur Oswald; and Mesdames Esther Palliser, Fanny Moody, and Louise Phillips.

GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

Patron: The Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.
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The NEXT EXAMINATION for Certificate of practical Musicianship, and Fellowship of the Guild (F. Gld. O.) will be held January 17th, 1895. Registers of vacancies and Candidates for Organ Appointments kept. FRED. B. TOWNSEND, London address, 4, Huggin Lane, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Some of Handel's Librettists.

IN these days that are the crown of the ages it has been conclusively shown that to be a good librettist you must be a musical critic of a largely circulated paper. Doubtless the dubious quality of Handel's librettos is due to the fact that in his days there were no (professional) critics to give him anything better. The old system had this disadvantage, but it had its advantages also. There were no Mr. Joseph Bennetts, whose high gifts, polished and strengthened by a long course of political-leader writing, musical criticism, and analytic-programme making, at length compassed such masterpieces as *Bethlehem*; but, on the other hand, there were no critics of other critics' librettos, to make musical life nothing but musical strife. Such an episode as the Hueffer-Bennett duel, waged for many years in the *Times* and *Telegraph*, was an impossibility; and it must be admitted that if Handel's music might not shine in the reflected glory of such great poems as *The Dream of Jubal*, *The Troubadour*, and some of the late Mr. Chorley's inspirations, the composer yet did very well. He had not the help of any musical critics, but such inferior creatures as Congreve, Gay, and Pope wrote for him; Milton and Dryden were pressed into his service; and, while even the immortal Jennens seems not quite the amiable idiot he is generally painted, Morell and Humphreys were notable men in their respective ways; and Aaron Hill, who made at least one libretto, was one of the most prominent figures of the time. James Miller, Francis Colman, Newburgh Hamilton were not unknown names.

But how great is the advance we have made since then! Nowadays it is there ward of a distinguished man, or at least a distinguished critic, that he is asked and well paid to write a great number of librettos; whilst in 1700 the greatest number of librettos were written by the least distinguished men. Thus of the group I have named, Morell, Jennens, and Humphreys achieved the bulk of Handel's oratorio-books; Gay wrote the words for only a cantata, and Hill for an opera; Pope supplied merely a part of *Esther*; Congreve's *Semele*, written originally as an opera, was ultimately served cold as a secular oratorio, and was his one service to Handel; and Milton and Dryden were drawn upon without their consent, as was unavoidable, for the first had been dead at least half and the other at least a quarter of a century. I say that Hill wrote an opera-book, but in truth it is hard to determine now much of *Rinaldo* was his. He undoubtedly shaped the plot, but whether he wrote the "poetry" or translated it from the Italian of Rossi (or Rolli) I cannot say. Nevertheless, Hill is by far the most interesting of all Handel's librettists, and as he was the first, let us begin by glancing at him.

AARON HILL.

Enter, then, Aaron Hill, poet, playwright, soldier, engineer, theatrical manager, librettist, company-promoter, farmer, vintner, ship-builder, oil-manufacturer, journalist, chemical manufacturer, general essayist, and general inventor. "The character of Hill," wrote a contemporary, "was in every respect amiable. His person was in his youth extremely fair and handsome. He was tall, not too thin, but genteelly made. His eyes were a dark blue, bright and penetrating, his hair brown, and his face oval. His countenance was generally animated by a smile.

His address was most engagingly affable, yet mingled with a natural unassuming dignity, which rendered him at once respected and admired. His voice was sweet, and his conversation elegant; and so extensive was his knowledge in all subjects that scarcely any could occur in which he did not acquit himself in a most masterly and entertaining manner. His temper, though naturally warm when aroused by injuries, was equally noble in a readiness to forgive them; and so much inclined was he to repay evil with good that he frequently exercised that Christian lesson to the prejudice of his own circumstances. He was a generous master, a sincere friend, an affectionate husband, and an indulgent and tender parent; and, indeed, so benevolent was his disposition in general, even beyond the power of the fortune he was blessed with, that the calamities of those he knew and valued as deserving, affected him more deeply than his own. In consequence of this, he bestowed the profits of many of his works for the relief of his friends, and particularly his dramatic pieces, for none of which he could ever be prevailed on to accept a benefit, except his *Merope*, which at the very close of his life was commanded to be represented for the relief of its author from those difficulties out of which he had frequently been the generous instrument of extricating others. His manner of living was temperate to the greatest degree in every respect but that of late hours, which his indefatigable love of study frequently drew him into. No labour deterred him from the prosecution of any design that appeared to him to be praiseworthy and practicable, nor was it in the power of misfortune, which from his birth he seemed destined to encounter, to overcome or even to shake his fortitude of mind." Here is a combination and a form indeed! A friend hath done this. One would like to see the same portrait as retouched by an enemy. But an enemy—at least a permanent, irreconcilable enemy—is precisely the one luxury Hill never experienced. Still, if in the land of the shades I hereafter meet with one of the shareholders in that unfortunate company which was formed to make the world's fortune by extracting oil (I believe it was oil, or something as good as olive-oil) from beech-nuts, I will invite him to crack a bottle, or perchance two, with me, and try to discover Hill's bad points. But on reflection his bad points seem all on the surface, and to be irremediably mingled with his good ones. The beech-nut scheme was one of a hundred such. He was everlastingly in some such scrape. The hot, inventive brain and restless, sanguine blood hurried him on from one speculation to another; each in turn nearly made his fortune, and then nearly lost him all he possessed. He was unlucky from his birth, born in good company—that of Bach and Handel, namely—in the year 1685; they squealed in the Fatherland, not yet become the Fatherland, while he, an incorrigible cockney from the beginning, took his first impressions of things in Beaufort Buildings, Strand. Hill senior died during Hill junior's infancy, having first, it is said, disposed for ready cash of £2,000 per annum entailed on the latter. This gives us a hint as to the manner of man whose son Aaron was. Knowing the son and this fact of the father, one guesses him to have been a combination of Skimpole, of the Master of Deportment, of Alving senior, and of Alving *non papa*; in short, one guesses him to have been the father unmistakably of rash, mad Aaron Hill. The confiscation seems to have happened, for Aaron, incurably truthful, repeatedly said so. It was an illegal act, and was, as all his biographers

remark—and he had many when he went (in Bach's company) into the darkness in 1750—the beginning of his bad luck. But how could that seething brain be other than unlucky? Everything he did tells the tale. Finding himself alone at the age of fifteen, he adventured so far as Constantinople on chance of being picked up by a distant relative, Lord Paget, who was ambassador. Once in the land of the unspeakable Turk, his affable address stood him in good stead; for when he said who he was, and claimed relationship with Lord Paget, he was well received, though "with surprise," as was not unnatural. So his first escapade landed him on his feet.

His movements during the early years are hard to trace. He went with a tutor vaguely "unto the East," then came to England (in 1703), where Lord Paget failed to provide for him. So he became tutor to Sir William Wentworth, and seems after to have served as a soldier. For later in life he showed himself familiar with the art of war (though that by itself is nothing, for with what art was he not familiar?), and also, with that uncommon vice of his, excessive truthfulness, referred to having fought on the battlefield. After 1709 he is easy to find. He was always, as our American cousins would say, making "a fizz" somewhere. In this year (1709) he published a *Full Account of the Ottoman Empire*, a work unperused by the present writer, and one of which Hill was ashamed soon after it appeared. Nevertheless, a second edition was required the following year. Hill was then become a famous man, which accounts for that second edition. The world in 1710 was much like the world in 1894. It was an oblate spheroid, turned on its axis once in twenty-four hours, did its best, but did not quite succeed in getting round the sun once in 365 days, exactly like the world as we know it; and just as an author in our own day, finding himself unexpectedly on the crest of the wave, reprints and sells at good prices the odds and ends of magazine articles which passed unnoticed and brought him little before, so a gentleman of 1710 like Aaron Hill, when he had once succeeded as an operative manager, found no difficulty whatever in making people see that he was a distinguished traveller as well. But it was in 1709, as manager of Drury Lane Theatre—"Master of the Stage" he was called—that Aaron clutched the laurel wreath. He was undoubtedly a good and competent manager. His preface to *Rinaldo* shows that he appreciated the absurd conventions of the time; we know his masterly, inventive genius, and have his pamphlet—not, as has been said, in verse, but in honest prose—on acting; and we have the witness of his contemporaries. Of course he went to extremes in his reforms and novelties—such men always do; and at a later day his "real live birds" were doubtless as ludicrous as the *Spectator* described them. But he was all for progress, and against stagnant tradition; and had he remained a theatre-manager, would doubtless have been the Augustus Harris (plus brains and artistic instinct) of the eighteenth century. He wrote a play called *Elfrid*, or the *Fair Inconstant*, and produced it. The public were inconstant, however, to the *Fair Inconstant*; indeed, they laughed at her bombast. Hill had created her within a fortnight as a stop-gap; and nearly a quarter of a century after he thought it worth while to recast her, eliminating what he knew was bombast and letting remain the bombast he did not recognise as such. He reissued the lady under the title of *Athelwold*, but I do not find that she was ever acted, though it is at any rate certain that she never made any success.

In consequence of a dispute with the Lord

Chamberlain, Hill left Drury Lane; and though pressed to return, he steadily refused, being a proud man. He became director of the Haymarket Theatre, where in 1710 the great Mr. Handel was to produce an opera; and who but the celebrated Hill could make the libretto? He quickly devised quite the best book Handel ever set, and handed it to Rolli for translation. Rolli's complaint that Handel composed faster than he could translate need surprise no one who knows how quick the composer's pen covered the paper, and that he was probably using to a large extent music written a year or two previous. Aaron, in his own magnificent style, wrote a dedication to the Queen, and a preface. Here is a sample of the former:—

MADAM,
This OPERA is a Native of your Majesty's Dominions, and was consequently born your Subject! 'Tis thence that it presumed to come, a dutiful entreater of your Royal Favour and Protection; a Blessing which having once obtained, it cannot miss the Clemency of every Air it may hereafter breathe in, nor shall I be longer doubtful of succeeding in my Endeavour to see the *English OPERA* more splendid than her MOTHER, the Italian, etc.

Rinaldo need not be discussed, but most of my readers know as much or more about it than I do. In our next issue, however, I hope to let them know what Addison thought about it. After this one opera I am not aware that Hill had any further connection with "the Orpheus of the age," as Rolli nicknamed Handel.

In 1713 we find Aaron publishing pamphlets about, and generally advertising, his astonishing scheme for extracting oil from beech-nuts. He obtained a patent (whether in the modern sense or merely the right to run the business, as in the case of theatrical patents, I have not ascertained) and proceeded to form a company. This was done, and the necessary £25,000 soon subscribed. All went well, and success was imminent, when some grasping idiot of a shareholder accused Hill of filling his private purse from the company's coffers. This touched Aaron's pride, and he answered fiercely. Pamphlets and counter-pamphlets; and as all the officials of the company seem to have devoted their time to the making of these instead of to business, it is not surprising that the whole affair presently collapsed with a mighty crash. Hill was not in the least to blame in the matter. (He lost nearly all he had in the undertaking; and when we read that many of the shareholders who created the row, instead of securing the 45 per cent. they expected, were reduced to beggary, we feel inclined to say, "Serve 'em right!")

Aaron quickly recovered. In 1714 he had written to Harley with regard to some unheard-of dodge to improve the wool trade. I may say he was as much a confirmed letter-writer as the late excellent Micawber. He corresponded with Richardson the novelist, Garrick; and, indeed, half the distinguished men of the time, always to suggest improvements in their particular callings. They most of them took his interference kindly; but whether Harley did or did not seems not to be known, any more than what the scheme was, for nothing ever came of it. In 1718 Hill planned the colonisation of Georgia, and though the idea could not be made a fact until he had forgotten it, yet it is interesting to learn that it was ultimately carried out under General Oglethorpe in 1732. In the same year (1718) he wrote an essay or essays (which I have not studied) on *reducing the price of coals*, besides a number of poems. I will not stay to place these or his plays in chronological order. The plays are forgotten, and the poems read only by the curious. Here is an epigram, which shows that parties in 1710 were much the same as parties in 1894:—

Whig and Tory scratch and bite,
Just as hungry dogs we see:
Toss a bone 'twixt two, they fight;
Throw a couple, they agree.

But this, though redolent of the eighteenth century, shows there were deeper chords in Hill than were commonly sounded:—

As in a journey just begun
We think the distance vast,
Yet while we travel gaily on
Insensibly 'tis past,
So in our youth we measure slow
Long views of promised breath,
Till like a shadow out we go,
And vanish into death.

His verse includes numberless shorter pieces and satires, and the whole or part of a huge epic called *Gideon*, which I have never ventured to open. But poetry filled only a small portion of his time. He invented an entirely new method of making potash; planned an academical theatre where young actors were to be trained in better histrionic methods than those of the day; wrote on improvements in naval and military warfare; ran and wrote for two periodicals: *The Prompter* and *The Plain-dealer*; published a pamphlet on *The Merits of Assassination*—the British Museum copy is, curiously, bound in the same volume with a proposal to "revise, amend, or repeal" the Ten Commandments; and (shade of Dr. Johnson!) proposed to build a Scotch navy of Scotch timber. He found the wood for the latter on the banks of the Skey, taught the Highlanders to cut it down and make rafts of it; and when they dared not venture on these, he first stood upon them himself to show they would "bear." His idea was to float the timber to the river mouth in this way. There were obstacles in the shape of enormous boulders, for which the modern remedy would be two penn'orth of dynamite. Having no dynamite, Hill lit huge fires on them, while the half-naked, savage Highlanders stood by, highly amused at the man who, lacking the advantages of a Highland education, thought the masses of stone could be burnt. They could not be burnt, certainly, but so soon as they were nearly red-hot, Hill threw water on them, and they went to pieces like the Liberal majority when the liquor interest was threatened. Figuratively, the whole Scotch nation embraced Hill; he was lionised by dukes and duchesses, and lords and ladies, some of them with incomes of as much as £300 per annum.

It is impossible to chronicle all the man's doings. He had a squabble with Pope, and won; he did a million things besides; and retiring from London in 1737, he visited Edinburgh, the Channel Islands, and the Continent before settling down at Plaistow, in Essex. Here he at once planted 100,000 vines (everything, you see, on a truly royal scale!), and from the fruit made some wine, which he pronounced equal to the finest Burgundy. Latterly he got entangled in lawsuits, which is not to be wondered at, and consequently got into financial low-water, which is not to be wondered at either. He had translated Voltaire's *Méropé*, and a performance of it was arranged for his benefit; but he died the night before, "at the very moment of the earthquake, of which, though speechless, he seemed sensible," and was buried in Westminster Abbey in the same grave with his wife, who had died in 1731. Richardson (*Clarissa* Richardson) wrote:—

"I have just lost my dear and excellent-hearted friend Mr. Hill, author of *Gideon*. I was present at some of his last scenes; my nerves can witness that I was. I am endeavouring to find opportunities to show my regard to his memory by my good offices to three excellent daughters, who for

their filial piety merit all praise, and for their other merits deserve to be the care of all who know them."

Was there ever such a librettist in the world before, or since? Can we not picture him—for we have all known men with some of his qualities, and felt disposed to call them lunatics—always smiling, always happy, always sanguine about the results of his latest speculation; hurried on by that overflowing brain from one scheme and one occupation to another; everlastingly on the point of making his fortune, and dying all but a bankrupt at the last? But he never thought an unkind thought; still less did he do an unkind deed. Nay; he gave away the proceeds of his plays, he wrote plays for destitute playwrights, and whatever he had in his pocket, his friend was welcome to half, or perhaps three-fourths, of it. Nor was he, like Steele, generous outside while his wife stayed at home in miserable poverty. He was one of the few men of the century who had, in the widest sense of the word, one wife, and she was his most intimate friend. It is this almost Puritan morality and affectionate nature, combined with poetical fancy, hot-headed enthusiasm, inventive genius, and sheer hard-headed, calculating power, that makes Aaron Hill one of the most surprising men, and decidedly the most surprising librettist, that ever breathed.

GAY.

What a contrast to Aaron Hill have we in John Gay! The one lived his life "like a flea in a fit," and was as full of energy and "go" as we have seen; the other was a happy-go-lucky dreamer, who didn't care much what happened to him so that, as Swift wrote, "any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan." He resembled Aaron in more than once losing a fortune, actual or potential, and differed from him in the respect I have named, and in leaving behind him the respectable sum of £6,000.

Gay shared with Hill (and of course a number of other babies) the honour of being born in the same year as Bach and Handel—1685; though a few authorities give 1688 as the correct date. But until the point is much more clearly proved than it is just now, I prefer to keep to Handel's year, especially as Gay was one of Handel's book-makers. In his early days he was apprenticed to a silk mercer, and later is said to have been Aaron Hill's secretary, for Aaron was prosperous long before sleek little Gay's merits were dreamed of. In 1712 he became secretary or domestic steward, or a mixture of the two, to the Duchess of Monmouth, and next year managed to produce one of those strange last century concoctions named a *Georgic*—Gay's was about *Rural Sports*. Next year *Fan*, which was, I believe, a play, got itself published or produced, and in 1714 its author is said to have become secretary to Lord Clarendon. *What d'ye call it?* a play, was published in 1715. It was a satire or burlesque; and the fun consisted in the actor's moving gravely, as in a tragedy, all the while talking the most arrant nonsense. Some deaf people who attended mistook it for a real tragedy, and the general public was not too certain about it. So a "key" was published, *Lewis Theobald and Griffin*, and one hopes this put the matter straight. Somewhere about this time Gay wrote the *Shepherd's Week*, on which his fame, such as it is, and to an extent, rests. He wrote many other poems and plays, which are hardly read now, but I may mention that *Trivia* is interesting to those who like to dwell in the old forgotten world. It is a curious fact that another of his plays had to be explained, like *What d'ye call it?* by a kind of key.

Gay lived chiefly amongst literary men and duchesses, who petted him. Pope, Swift, Con-

grave, and the rest were his friends, and loved him; the Duchess of Queensberry (according to Pope) raffled for and won him; at any rate, she coddled the little harmless man for the rest of his life, and her husband looked after his money, so that he died a rich man. He himself could never look after his money. He was given some South Sea stock, which grew alarmingly until he was worth £20,000. Had he sold out then, his fortune would have been made, and some one else would have lost the £20,000; for presently the famous bubble burst, and there was weeping and wailing in the land, and amongst the discontents was Gay, who had not sold out. What did it matter when he had real duchesses to pet him and feed him with cream? For a long time he was unlucky. He did the customary amount of licking the royal blacking, but all he got for it was an offer of Gentleman Usher to a two-year-old princess, which he considered an insult, and left the Court.

In the end his luck came, and helped to ruin Handel. For Gay, and no other, was the author and chief contriver of the *Beggar's Opera*. Dr. Pepusch himself of arranging the music, but Gay even chose most of the tunes. The idea arose thus. Swift wanted Gay to write a satirical parody on the dull, imbecile pastorals prevalent at the period, and suggested a *Newgate Pastoral*. "Gay was inclined to try at such a thing for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. . . . He began on it, and when he first mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us; and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice; but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said 'it would either take greatly or be damned confoundedly.' So said Pope; and, as we know, was as right as the form of his utterance permitted, for the *Beggar's Opera* "took greatly," much too greatly for poor Handel, it is said, though I am not so sure, after all, on that point. The fate of the *Beggar's Opera* and its successor does not concern us; Gay's other connection with Handel does. The latter had written an *Acis, Galatea e Poliferno* at Naples in 1708. When he wanted it put into shape for English use, Gay "adopted" the words, adopting meaning in this case, I suspect, entirely re-writing; for the songs in *Acis and Galatea* are as pretty as anything our poet ever penned. He was greatly helped by his excellent ear for music, and no doubt fitted the words to Handel's music much better than Handel could have fitted the music to his words. The pasticcio was a success, and so ended Handel's, and our, connection with Gay. Of Congreve, the immortal Jennens, and the lesser fry I must tell in another article another day.

Patents.



THIS list is specially compiled for MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

- 11,290. Walter Leighton Sanderson, trading as the Parisian Diamond Company, 76, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in zither rings. June 11th, 1894.
- 11,319. Richard Jeutisch, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, London. Improvements in or relating to mechanical musical instruments. June 11th, 1894.

- 11,398. William George Murray, Beta House, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex. A new and improved varnish for violins and other articles. June 12th, 1894.
- 11,567. Charles Frederick Williams, 37, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements connected with organ pedals. June 14th, 1894.
- 11,944. George Logan Rail, 92, St. Martin's Lane, London. An improved form of the mandoline. June 20th, 1894.
- 11,947. William Thomas Reynolds, 2, Newcastle Street, Strand, London. Improved appliance for playing stringed musical instruments. June 20th, 1894.
- 11,950. Clemens Muller, 106, Priory Park Road, Kilburn, London. A new or improved mouth organ. June 20th, 1894.
- 12,027. Ferdinand Pietschmann, 6, Lord Street, Liverpool. Improvements in or connected with mechanical musical instruments. June 21st, 1894.
- 12,049. James M'Guinness, 37, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in apparatus for teaching music. June 22nd, 1894.
- 12,158. William Griffith Griffith, 4, Corporation Street, Manchester. Improvements in perforated music or tune sheets for bands. June 23rd, 1894.
- 12,178. Douglas Mitchell, 77, Colmore Road, Birmingham. Improvements in the mode of binding together sheets of music and other such sheets. June 23rd, 1894.
- 12,332. George Ingram, 44, Chapel Street, Edgware Road, London. Improvements in musical instruments. June 26th, 1894.
- 15,157. Anton Richard Breiul, 323, High Holborn, London. Improvements in musical toys. August 8th, 1894.
- 15,173. Harold Hume Piffard and Robert Hodges Bishop, 257, High Holborn, London. An improved mode and means for actuating the notes of pianos and other keyboard instruments. August 8th, 1894.
- 15,379. Thomas Gapes, 15, Clova Road, Forest Gate, London. Improvements in pianoforte or orchestra stools. August 13th, 1894.
- 15,391. Adolphus Isidor Rath, 10, Gothic Arcade, Snow Hill, Birmingham. An improvement in pneumatic tyres. August 13th, 1894.
- 15,496. James Langshaw Lister, 12, Basinghall Street, London. Improvements in apparatus for turning over the leaves of music books and the like. August 14th, 1894.
- 15,798. Charles Arthur Walpole Drury, Bristol Bank Buildings, Bristol. An improvement in banjos. August 20th, 1894.
- 15,905. Alfred Joseph Harland, 4, South Street, Finsbury, London. Improvements in pianofortes. August 21st, 1894.
- 16,189. Sarah Frances Read, 37, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in music desks or stands. August 24th, 1894.
- 16,278. James Swinburne, Broom Hill Works, Teddington. Improvements in and connected with electrical measuring instruments, organs, etc. August 27th, 1894.
- 16,291. Edward Peter Hutchinson, 85, Lenthall Road, Dalston, London. China, piano, organ, or harmonium keys. August 27th, 1894.
- 16,331. Percy Ross Harrison, 6, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London. Improvement in electric organs. August 27th, 1894.
- 16,339. Albert James Pratt, 12, Basinghall Street, London. Improved means for teaching music. August 27th, 1894.

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Magazine of Music Supplement, October 1894.

In going to Bed.

CAVATE JOYENSE

GIA PAQUE!



London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE
ST MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



Mary Gladell.

Magazine of Music Supplement, October 1894.

In going to my lonely Bed.

Chorus by
Richard Edwards.

A Finland Love Song

* by *
Elisabeth M. Reynolds.

GAVOTTE "JOYEUSE"

* for *
Cello & Piano
* by *

G. A. PAQUE.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

IN GOING TO MY LONELY BED.

MADRIGAL for 4 VOICES.*

Edited by
GEO. F. GROVER.

Words and Music by
RICHARD EDWARDS (1560).

Andante. M. $\text{♩} = 84$.

SOPRANO. *mf* In go - ing to my lone - ly bed, *mf* As one that would have

ALTO. *mf* In go - ing to my lone-ly bed, my lone-ly bed, *mf* As one that would have slept,

TENOR. (8^{va} lower.) *mf* In go - ing to my lone - ly bed, As one that would have slept, I heard a

BASS. *mf* In go - ing to my lone - ly bed,

ACCOMP. (ad lib.) *mf*

slept, I heard a wife sing to her child, That long had moan'd and wept. *dim.* She sigh-ed sore, and sang full *pp*

I heard a wife sing to her child, That long had moan'd and wept. *dim.* She sigh-ed sore, and sang full *pp*

wife sing to her child, That long had moan'd and wept. *dim.* She sigh-ed sore, and sang full *pp*

heard a wife sing to her child, That long had moan'd and wept. *dim.* She sigh-ed sore, and sang full *pp*

sweet To lull the babe to rest, That would not cease, but cri-ed still Up - on its mo - ther's breast. She *mf*

sweet To lull the babe to rest, That would not cease, but cri-ed still Up - on its mo - ther's breast. She *mf*

sweet To lull the babe to rest, That would not cease, but cri-ed still Up - on its mo - ther's breast. She *mf*

sweet To lull the babe to rest, That would not cease, but cri-ed still Up - on its mo - ther's breast. She *mf*

* Original Key F.



was full wea - ry of her watch, And grieved with her child; She rock - ed it and ra - ted it, Till
 was full wea - ry of her watch, And grieved with her child; She rock - ed it and ra - ted it, Till
 was full wea - ry of her watch, And grieved with her child; She rock - ed it and ra - ted it, Till that on
 was full wea - ry of her watch, And grieved with her child; She rock - ed it and ra - ted it, Till that on

cresc. *f* *dim.* *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

that on her it smil'd. Then did she say, Now have I found This pro-verb true to prove, "The
 that on her it smil'd. Then did she say, Now have I found This pro-verb true to prove,
 her it smil'd. Then did she say, Now have I found This proverb true to prove, "The fall - ing
 her it smil'd. Then did she say, Now have I found This pro - verb true to prove,

p *cresc.* *p* *cresc.* *p* *cresc.*

fall - ing out of faith - ful friends Re - new - ing is of love." She love?"
 "The fall - ing out of faith - ful friends Re - new - ing is of love." She love?"
 out of faith - ful friends Re - new - ing is of love." She love?"
 "The fall - ing out of faith - ful friends Re - new - ing is of love." She love?"

cresc. *f* *p* *cresc.* *f* *p* *cresc.* *f* *p*

SOPRANO or TENOR.

Music by
ELISABETH M. REYNOLDS, Op. 4. No. 1.

VOICE.

PIANO:

Allegro. ♩ = 144.

VOICE.

PIANO.

pp *l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.*

pp *pp* *pp* *pp* *pp*

saw the moon rise clear, O'er hills and vales of

snow. Nor told my fleet rein - deer The

track I wished to go. Yet quick he bound - ed

forth. For well my rein - deer knew. I have but one path on earth - The

dim. *pp* *accel.* *accel. e cresc.* *a tempo* *f* *pp a tempo*

path that leads to you.

l.h.

p

l.h.

l.h.

l.h.

Ca. *

The gloom — that win - ter cast. How soon the heart for-gets

When sum-mer brings at last Her sun that ne - ver sets. So dawned my

cresc.

love for you, So fixed through joy and pain. Than sum-mer sun more true

T'will ne - ver set a-gain, T'will ne-ver set a-gain.

l.h.

p

pp

l.h.

l.h.

l.h.

Ca. *

To my friend D^r DAVY.

GAVOTTE "JOYEUSE"

for CELLO & PIANO.

G. A. PAQUE.

Tempo di Gavotte.

With Vigour

CELLO.

PIANO.

cresc.

cresc. rall.

rall. *a tempo* *f*

f a tempo

cresc. *rall.* *a tempo*

rall. *a tempo*

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. The middle and bottom staves provide harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the musical piece with three staves. It features similar melodic and harmonic patterns to the first system, with some changes in chord voicing.

Cantabile.

The third system, marked 'Cantabile', begins with a new melodic line on the top staff. The accompaniment in the lower staves features more sustained chords and slower-moving lines, consistent with the tempo change.

The fourth system continues the 'Cantabile' section. The top staff has a melodic line with some grace notes. The lower staves have a dense harmonic texture with many chords.

The fifth system concludes the page. It includes the instruction 'rall.' (rallentando) written below the top staff in two places, indicating a further slowing of the tempo. The notation shows a final melodic phrase and sustained harmonic blocks.

musical score for piano and voice, page 8. The score consists of six systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, with *rall.* markings. The third system has a vocal line and piano accompaniment, with *a tempo* markings. The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The fifth system has a vocal line and piano accompaniment, with *cresc.* and *rall. pesante* markings. The sixth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, with *cresc.* and *molto rall.* markings.

Magazine of Music Supplement, October 1894.

Minuet & Trio
from Sonata N^o 2
by
W. A. MOZART.

Ballet aus "Armida"
* & *
Ballet von seligen Geistern
aus
"ORPHEUS"
* by *
C. W. v. GLUCK.

London.
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

MINUET AND TRIO

from Sonata N^o 2.

W. A. MOZART.

Minuet.

PIANO.

f *p* *cresc.*

f *p* *f*

p *f* *p* *cresc.*

cresc. *f* *p* *cresc.*

f *sp* *f* *p* *f*

cresc. *f* *p* *f*

f *cresc.*

attacca il Trio



Engraved & Printed at Leipzig by C. Neumann

Trio.

A musical score for a Trio, consisting of seven systems of staves. The music is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system is marked 'p' (piano). The second system has 'f' (forte) and 'p' markings. The third system has 'p' and 'f' markings. The fourth system has a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking. The fifth system has a 'p' marking. The sixth system has a 'p' marking. The seventh system has a 'p' marking and a first ending bracket labeled '1.' followed by a second ending bracket labeled '2.'. The score concludes with the text 'Minuet D.C.'.

p

f *p* *f*

p *f* *p*

cresc. *f*

p

p

1. 2.

Minuet D.C.

Ballet aus "Armida."

C.W.v. GLUCK.

Andante.

PIANO.

Ballet von seligen Geistern
aus "Orpheus."

C.W.v. GLUCK.

Andante.

PIANO.